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GEORGE ST. GEORGE JULIAN,—THE PRINCE.

PART 7.

CHAPTER IX.

THE POTATO SPECULATION.

As George had anticipated, so it occurred; no such person as the one to whom the letter had been addressed, was known at Gloucester; while Tynte, hearing that George was most anxious to meet with him, wisely kept out of the way. He could nowhere be found; the whole of his associates were applied to in vain, not one of them had seen him, but they all had to propose highly lucrative schemes, in which they hoped that he would join them, but to which he refused even to listen for a moment.

On calling, however, upon Wese to ascertain if he knew of Tynte's retreat, he was replied to in a manner so solemn, and under circumstances so extraordinary, that he consented to give his best attention to the matter, and to advise him when he had heard the particulars, how to act, which so delighted the immortal Peter, that he seized his hand and shook it with an expression of joy.

'I have conceived, sir,' said he, assuming a most important aspect, on becoming somewhat tranquil, 'I have conceived, sir, a project, an original project, which, if well carried out, sir, cannot fail to make our fortunes at once; and what is more, it's on the square, sir!—strictly on the square.'

'Well!' said George, who was certainly rather curious to know what sort of scheme he had the power to conceive, for it must be confessed that he had been taken by surprise, inasmuch as he had never even entertained the notion that Peter had been on any occasion blessed with an idea

which could lay claim to anything bearing the semblance of originality. 'Well—what is it?'

'Sir,' replied Peter, 'I'll tell you; and you are the only man in the world whom I would tell. I haven't named it to a single soul; I have kept it, sir, within my own breast. Not that I'm afraid of people acting upon the idea, because they couldn't carry it out, sir; were they to make the attempt, they would only spoil it. No, sir, the thing must be done by us, we alone can manage it; you and I sir are the only men!'

George smiled, but seemed to be anxious for him to come the point.

'In the first place, sir,' continued Peter, 'we must get a patent for it; we must secure it to ourselves, and they can't refuse to grant us a patent!—that's perfectly impossible.'

'But what is it?' said George impatiently.

'Sir,' replied Peter, who was in no sort of haste; 'it is a thing which will yield a profit, sir, of one thousand six hundred per cent. Look at that!—sixteen hundred per cent.!'

'That is rather a large profit, sir,' observed George.

'Sir, it is a large profit; but it is to be done, and what is more, sir, done with ease!'

'I am impatient to know what it is! It must be something very important, I should think.'

'It is, sir, of universal importance. I've got the prospectus drawn out, and all the preliminaries arranged; I've been working hard at it, sir; every thing is ready, and I mean, sir, to call it 'THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN ASSOCIATION FOR THE RENOVATION OF WHITE KID GLOVES!'

'For the renovation of what!' exclaimed George, laughing heartily.

'White kid gloves,' replied Peter, with a solemn expression, wondering what on earth could have made George merry: 'don't you think it a capital idea?'

'Oh, excellent!—but how do you mean to proceed?'

'Why, in the first place, sir, we must take a magnificent office; appoint a banker, a solicitor, and so on; issue prospectuses—I've got a flamer, ready capital fifty thousand pounds, in five hundred pounds each; it's of no use commencing with less than fifty thousand.'

'No; I should say that is about the smallest capital you ought to commence with to do any good. But how do you renovate gloves? and how can sixteen hundred per cent. be obtained?'

'I'll explain,—but, in the strictest confidence!'

'Of course!'

'Well, sir, then I have made the discovery, that by dipping a piece of flannel in the spirits of turpentine, and rubbing it over the gloves, every species of dirt in an instant disappears; when, by washing them well in cold water, and letting them gradually dry, you restore them to their pristine beauty; you make them, sir, just as good as new, without the shape being altered, or the stitches destroyed.'

'Very well: now, two pair of white kid gloves, sir, can be cleaned at the cost of one farthing; half a farthing's-worth of turpentine being sufficient to clean each pair—charge four pence per pair for their renovation, and that gives you a profit at once of one thousand six hundred per cent.'

'Well, certainly nothing can be clearer than that. But why do you propose to call it the British and Foreign Association?'

'Because most of the kid gloves worn sir, are foreigners. Those buff ones are Frenchmen, you have on. I can tell them in a moment. Now I suppose you gave half a crown for these?'

'That I believe was the price.'

'Very well then; just look at the case as it stands. When they are soiled, and they soon are, you can't wear them; you buy another pair, and have to give another half crown; whereas, if you had them renovated for the small charge of fourpence, you would save within a fraction of four hundred per cent. So that you see the importance of the scheme is so general and so vast, that I have not the slightest doubt that we realize at least twenty thousand a-year.'

'Certainly not less than that,' said George drily.

'No; I don't see how we can. And then, you know, we'll have the whole of the workmen sworn to secrecy.'

'Yes, that I should say, will be very essential. How many pair of white kid gloves are purchased every year?'

'How many?'—cried Peter—'can't tell.'

'Oh, that of course must be got for the prospectus. Show that;—get the average for the last ten years, and then you know we'll talk about the patent.'

This rather puzzled Peter. But he promised promptly to get at it—nay, he *would!*—and when George had left, began to consider *how*, without suspecting for a moment that George had not been much struck with either the excellence or the practicability of the project.

Now, at this particular period the revenue was being constantly defrauded to a considerable extent in the department of stamps; as the process by which it had been effected had become well known to him, and as he had for some time made the means by which it could be effectually prevented his study, George, wishing to do something which might place him in a better position before McGregor returned from Poyais, wrote to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, soliciting an interview and stating the object proposed.

As a brief explanation of the mode in which this species of fraud was accomplished may be held to be necessary, it will be proper here to state that by a chemical process the ink was discharged from old stamps which (the stamps themselves, of course, being perfectly uninjured) were sold again as new. This system was carried to an immense extent then, and has been practised ever since. It is indeed an indisputable fact, that the articles of a great proportion of the Jew attorneys, at present practising in London, were engrossed upon old stamps purloined from the Master's office in the Temple. But the loss to the revenue was not all; the public suffered by the system to a ruinous extent; and as names and dates could be removed from any instrument with the utmost facility, it may be readily conceived that if the system were carried to the extent which it might be carried, commercial credit in this or any other country would be utterly destroyed. George would undertake to discharge any portion of the writing on a bill of exchange, a cheque, a will, or, in fact, any other kind of instrument; and it was with the view of checking the knaves by whom it was fraudulently practised that he sought and eventually discovered the means of rendering it impossible.

His letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer was well received and an early interview promised. Indeed, the answer returned was of a character so favorable, that George went in search of premises adapted to the manufacture of paper, having explained in his letter to the Chancellor, that in consideration of the public service rendered he should expect to have the contract for the supply of all the paper to be used for stamps in the United Kingdom, it being only from a peculiarly manufactured paper that ink could not be discharged.

While looking out for premises suitable for this purpose in the vicinity of London, he happened to hear that an extremely clever person, named Colman, who had at that time the temporary management of a slate quarry near Portsmouth, and who had for years been engaged in the manufacture of paper, was the very man to whom he ought at once to apply, and who would be happy to give him whatever information on the subject he might require.

Without waiting for a second communication from the Chancellor, he therefore started for Plymouth, and had several interviews with Colman, whom he found to be a very intelligent man, and withal so exceedingly active that he promised to give him a liberal engagement in the event of his succeeding in the object he had in view, and moreover offered—as an immediate return for the politeness with which he had been received—to take his nephew with him to London, and to place him in a situation, which offer was gladly accepted, the young man being exceedingly poor, although fairly entitled to considerable property, to which, however, he had been unable to establish a claim.

The object of his visit having thus been satisfactorily attained, he proposed to leave Plymouth on the following day; but as, in the course of the evening, he happened to hear at the inn at which he had taken up his quarters that three persons had just arrived from town with the view of buying up all the potatoes, a scarcity being anticipated, he inquired further into the matter, and having ascertained that potatoes were then extremely cheap, and that the prospect of their becoming extremely dear was not very remote, he thought that he might just as well enter into a little potato speculation himself, he being then within a few miles of the place from which the great London market was to a very considerable extent supplied.

After weighing the matter for some time, and hearing all the landlord wished to impart—and that person was exceedingly eloquent while describing the fortunes that had been made by potato speculations—George went at once to Colman, and on finding that he knew the majority of the growers, through whom he could easily get at the rest, he determined upon starting the next morning early, with the view of buying up all that were to be had, and then selling them to those merchants who had gone down in order to do the same thing; but who, lest it should be thought that they wanted the potatoes, intended to wait till market-day.

Early the next morning he accordingly started accompanied by his protegee Frederick Broadbridge, and soon found himself in the midst of a singularly uncouth set of people, with whom he discovered that in order to do any good, he must eat and drink enough at least for six.

These people complained bitterly of London merchants in the aggregate, who, in consequence of there having been no competition, had for years been in the habit of giving them what price they pleased, and declared that the result of this monopoly had been to make potatoes scarcely worth growing at all, and that they supposed—as the price got less every year—that the time was not very far distant when the merchants would expect them to give them for nothing, send them home, pay the freight, and then peel them.

Having passed nearly two days among them, he succeeded in purchasing ten thousand bags at the price he had fixed, and when they assured him that in putting them up they would do him justice—which he felt convinced they

would do—he took a hearty leave of them, their wives and daughters, and returned with his companion to the inn.

On the morrow, being market-day, the monopolists made their appearance, and of course treated the farmers as usual, cavalierly. They didn't want potatoes!—not they. Potatoes were a drug in the market already; but they wouldn't mind taking them off their hands at a price!

George explained to them all that he was connected with no monopoly, that he wished to purchase solely on his own account; and having set forth clearly the advantages which they themselves would derive from competition, he became so great a favorite with them and their wives, that they vowed they would rather let him have them at two shillings per bag, than they would sell them to the monopolists at two and twopence. George, however, insisted upon giving them two and threepence, which made him their idol at once, for they believed—and it was in reality the fact—that he wished to take no advantage of them, and therefore, could he have eaten enough for five and twenty giants, they would have been all the better pleased.

The farmers enjoyed this amazingly, and chuckled at the idea—and be it known that a Cornish farmer can chuckle when he likes, and that in a style too, which no other farmer can match—but when they informed the monopolists that they had been thus forestalled, it was found that those monopolists did want potatoes, and that very much: indeed, so much, that in the course of a few hours the price rose to three shillings and sixpence per bag.

While George was deliberating whether to sell them to the monopolists there in London, he saw a placard announcing the sale of a brig, under a commission of bankruptcy, and as the freight from thence to London was one pound per ton, it occurred to him that if he could purchase her on easy terms, he might make a considerable sum by the joint speculation, besides having her, in the event of a vessel being required—which he fully expected—to sail for Poyais.

Having spoken to Colman on the subject, he was introduced by him to several masters of vessels, from whom he learned that the brig came last from the Cape with a cargo of wine; that she had put into Plymouth in distress; that soon after her arrival her owner in London had become bankrupt; that her cargo had been landed; that the vessel and stores only were for sale; and that their opinion was that although she would be cheap at a thousand pounds, she would fetch but five or six hundred.

In consequence of this George attended the sale, which took place on the following day, having previously gone on board with a person in whose judgment Colman had informed him he could place the utmost confidence.

The brig was put up at three hundred pounds, and after various biddings reached four hundred guineas. The broker then, to gain time and to secure thereby a better price, gave a history of the vessel:

He stated that she was Spanish built; had

formerly been employed in the packet service, was a very fast sailer, had been afterwards employed in the slave trade, had been captured on the Coast of Africa, for acts of piracy, after having been fired into and her commander killed; that she was sent into Mozambique, condemned, put up for sale, purchased by a merchant residing at the Cape for himself and partner, taken round to that settlement, loaded with wine, despatched for England, encountered bad weather in the Channel and put into Plymouth in distress; and that he marvelled greatly that after all this, no more than four hundred guineas should be offered.

The immediate effect of this was very powerful; the bidding again went on until it had reached four hundred and eighty pounds, when the broker again paused, but on discovering that he had nothing more to say about the brig, he inquired for the last time if there was any advance on four hundred and eighty pounds, when George bid five hundred, and the hammer went down.

George having prepared himself for this, paid twenty-five per cent. of the purchase money then, with the understanding that the rest was to be paid within a week. An inventory of the stores was then handed to him, together with her register and other papers, and he congratulated himself upon having made the purchase, and with reason, inasmuch as, deducting the freight of his potatoes, the cost of the vessel could not exceed two hundred pounds.

On going on board the following day to look over the stores with the broker, to whom he entrusted the fitting-out of the vessel, and the appointment of the master and crew, he observed a number of peculiarly formed cheeses, and having tasted one or two of them, he determined to take home half-a-dozen to Julia. They were accordingly packed up, and when he had given full instructions to the broker and to Frederick, whom he left to look after the potatoes in his absence, he started for town with his cheeses.

On his arrival, he proceeded directly home, and was received with joy by both Julia and Helen. He had never been absent from Julia before, and her delight at seeing him, and that moreover looking so well, may be conceived—but by those alone who know what a god an affectionate husband is in the eyes of an amiable woman.

During the evening he entertained them with an amusing relation of all that had occurred, explaining to them how completely he had lost his heart among the wives and daughters of the Cornish farmers, and giving them a graphic description of their peculiar characteristics. But that which Julia held to be more wonderful than all was, the idea of his having absolutely purchased a vessel! Oh! how she did long for its arrival in the river! for she had already made up her mind that it must be something like a seventy-four—dear! how she should enjoy going on board while the streamers were waving and the sailors were running up the masts; and then the cabin! to dine in a sweet little cabin, how extremely delightful it must be.

George smiled at the rapture expressed, and then spoke of the cheeses, which they only wished to see; and when one was produced they then only wished to taste, being perfectly sure that anything coming from the vessel must indeed be delicious.

The tray was accordingly ordered, and when Julia, Helen, and Jane had seated themselves at the table, George proceeded to perforate the top of the cheese. On piercing the rind, however, he found that his knife came in contact with something which certainly was not cheese!—Stimulated thereby to further exertions, he made a circle in the centre, and on raising the piece discovered a tin case embedded! The top of the case was off in an instant, and he drew forth a roll of bank-notes, both English and Foreign, with a number of papers written in a variety of languages.

The surprise expressed by them all was of course unbounded. 'Let me count the notes,' cried Julia: and while she was engaged in that pleasing occupation, George was examining the papers.

The history which the broker had given of the brig then occurred to him. She had been captured for acts of piracy: these were false papers with which she had sailed!—the commander had been killed when the brig was fired into, those notes then were the property he had amassed and placed there for security. These inferences were natural: nothing could be more so. It was no uncommon thing, during war, for even English trading vessels to sail with false papers; nor was it unusual for the money on board to be ingeniously concealed; it was therefore clear to George that he was correct in his conjectures.

'Well,' said he, having satisfied himself on this point, 'and how much do you make of them?'

'Can't tell exactly, yet,' replied Julia. 'Here are several queer-looking foreign affairs, which we cannot at all understand.'

George looked at them; and having made the necessary calculations, found that the value of the whole exceeded two thousand pounds.

'Now, my dear George,' exclaimed Julia, 'we'll examine all the others!—we'll have them all up. Every cheese may contain the same sum: there's no telling.'

'I fear we shall find no more,' returned George, with a smile.

'But we may, you know, my dear. Who knows? Suppose we try?'

'Oh, by all means! Order the rest up.'

They were accordingly produced, and George duly pierced them all; but although nothing more was discovered, he was perfectly satisfied: for as, according to his lowest calculation, he should clear an additional thousand, he might even then be said to have realised three thousand pounds by his trip.

CHAPTER X.

TREATS OF VARIOUS MATTERS OF IMPORTANCE TO ALL CONCERNED.

Julia was so overjoyed the previous evening, that she had totally forgotten to tell George

until the morning, that, in consequence of his prolonged absence, Bull had been in a state of anxiety the most feverish and intense.

'Forgive me dear,' she exclaimed, 'for neglecting to tell you before; but eh, he has been in such a way!—you cannot conceive what a fidget he has been in.'

'Has he called very often?'

'He has been constantly calling, and asking such very droll questions!—Have you any idea of going abroad?'

'Going abroad, my love!—No. What induced you to think of that?'

'Oh, only because he wished most particularly to know if I had ever heard you say that you meant to go abroad.'

It now became manifest to George, that, notwithstanding the 'unbounded confidence' Bull professed to have in his honor, he had been dreadfully apprehensive of his having intended to commit the most odious breach of confidence of which a man can be guilty—namely, that of fixing his bail.

He, therefore, on leaving home, started direct to Bull's office, and the affectionate ecstasy with which he was greeted, surpassed every species of rapture he had ever witnessed before. Bull flew to him as he entered, and seized both his hands, and shook them with a warmth which might have conveyed to a purely unsophisticated mind an idea of the most ardent friendship.

'My dear boy!' he exclaimed. 'My dear boy!—you don't know, you don't, how glad I am to see you!'

'Yes, I think I do,' said George drily.

'Well? And what have you done? What success have you had? Have you sold your potatoes? Ah, you ought to have let me into that. I'd have sent you down money; any sum you might have wanted, I would, Mrs. Julian told me all about it; and you don't know how pleased I was to hear the good news.'

'I have to thank you,' observed George, 'for calling so frequently upon Mrs. Julian; it was very polite of you, very.'

'Don't name it, don't name it!' said Bull, as his countenance underwent a sudden change. 'Oh, don't name it!'

'Of course, you began to imagine I had run from my bail?'

'My dear boy, how came you to think of such a thing? How is it possible I *could* entertain such a notion? You know me better than that, you do; you *know* you know me better. But how, how about the potatoes?'

George proceeded to explain to him all that had happened from the time he left town until he opened the cheese; but before he had perfectly finished the history, Bull was informed that a person wished to see him on very particular business indeed. George, therefore, rose at once; but Bull begged of him to remain, and proceeded to the outer office. He had, however, scarcely been absent two minutes before he returned with an elderly Jew, whom he slightly introduced as Mr. Isaacs.

'Will you be kind enough to state what you

wish to explain to this gentleman,' said Bull, addressing Isaacs. 'He knows all about the transaction.'

'Vy,' returned the Jew, 'arl I vants to explain, Mishter Pull, ish ash thish, that I've cot arf a note, I advanched a hundred and fifty poundsh on, and vants for to get the other.'

'How came you to think of applying to Mr. Bull?' inquired George.

'Pecaush I heard Mishter Pull resheived the other yeshterday, and ash an honesht man, vood give it up on application.'

'Are you aware,' said George, 'that Mr. Bull advanced a hundred and ninety pounds upon the other half-note?'

'A hundred and ninety poundsh!' exclaimed Isaacs. 'Vot! then are ve shwindled? The schoundrel! I'll have him transhported! Mishter Pull, vill you go mit me to take out a varrant? Vill you join me?'

'Willingly!' cried Bull, 'I'll do anything, I will, to get him sent out of the country.'

'That'sh right, Mishter Pull!—that'sh right, ma friend. If any person ought to be shent out of the country, it'sh that shwindling scamp. And yet vatsh the ushe after arl, Mishter Pull?—vat'sh the ushe? You know vat he ish, the schoundrel. Don't you think, Mishter Pull, vee'd petter shettle it petween us? If we shend him out of the country, ve shall have to do that. It'sh petter to make the psht of a pad job at vonsh. Shupposh ve shettle it; vill you puy mine, or shall I puy yoursh?'

'Oh, ho! I pereeive!' thought George.

'Vat shay you, Mishter Pull? You know it musht come to that!—and moneysh ish very short vit me just now.'

'Do the numbers correspond?' inquired George.

'Yesh, av coursh they correshpond!'

'How do you know?'

'Here it ish!' replied Isaacs, showing his half, but holding it with both hands tightly.

George looked at it, and when Bull produced his, he found that the numbers did correspond.

'And when did you see this man last?' he inquired.

'The day pefore yeshterday morning.'

'Have you known him long?'

'Not sho very long. Put I've known him long enough to know he'sh a shwindler.'

'Have you any objection to sign this paper?' said George, writing.

'Vat'sh it apout?'

'It is simply a declaration that you received the half note which you now hold, from Tynte, and that you advanced a sum of money, that is to say a hundred and fifty pounds upon it.'

'No, I never putsh my hand to papersh.'

'You will sign it, Mr. Isaacs, if you are an honest man.'

'I am an honesht man, put I will not shighn. Itsh a pad practish that ish of putting namesh to papersh.'

'Then I see how it is,' said George clearly.

'You will probably be good enough to tell Mr. Tynte, whom you will see, I have no doubt,

soon after you leave here, that Mr. Bull, by the advice of Mr. Julian, will not consent to place him in a better position than that in which he now stands; and if he be desirous of remaining in this country he will call upon Mr. Julian, or at least appoint a time for having an interview with him forthwith; and that unless Mr. Julian shall receive such an appointment within three days, he may abandon every hope of being able to make any arrangement, for nothing shall induce Mr. Julian after that to consent to his escape from transportation.'

'But you don't suppose for a moment that I am in league with him, I hope?'

'I should say that which is false were I to say that I do not. I do suppose it, Mr. Isaacs. It is to me palpable; finding that he had placed himself in a dangerous position, he sent you here for the purpose of coming to some arrangement.'

'I assure you,' said Isaacs, 'I know nothing at all about it.'

'I will not believe you,' returned George, 'your assurance with me, therefore, can have no effect. Go, Mr. Isaacs, tell him what I have said; unless I have an interview within three days, he need not hope to escape transportation.'

'But had'n't we petter shettle thish pishenesh at vonch? Von't it pe petter for us arl?'

'No. It would only be better for him. Mr. Bull will not hold any further communication either with him or with you. This matter must be settled with me, sir, and with me alone.'

'Vell! I didn't know that Mishter Pull vash a shild to pe led py the noshe py Mishter Julian.'

'No, you merely imagined that Mr. Bull was a fool that could be led by the nose by Mr. Isaacs.'

'I don't vant to lead any von by the noshe,' rejoined Isaacs, moving towards the door. 'I'm a respectable man, I vood have you to know, I came here for hish advantash. If Mishter Pull refusesh to shettle, I musht do the pesht vat I can, and he musht take the consequencesh of hish folly. Coot tay, Mishter Julian! Coot tay, Mishter Pull. I hope you'll get change for your note, Mishter Pull. I wish you a very coot tay.' Whereupon he left the office with a sneer, which the muscles of an Israelite only can establish.

'I didn't like to say anything,' said Bull, when Mr. Isaacs had departed; 'but I think it would have been better to come to terms. You see, my dear boy, however long it goes on, we must both make a sacrifice, we must; don't you see?'

'I see,' returned George, 'that he will have to make no sacrifice. He gave nothing for the half which he holds, depend upon that. He has been offered, perhaps, ten or fifteen pounds to get the other half out of your hands, and the probability is, that had he succeeded, he would, in spite of Mr. Tynte, have kept the whole.'

'Suppose he had, my dear boy—suppose he had; what have I to do with that? What is the value of the half note to me? I can do nothing

with it, I can't; I may as well have a piece of blank paper.'

'Will you take a hundred pounds for it?'

'Nay,' replied Bull, suddenly assuming the shrewd and suasive aspect with which he invariably bargained. 'Nay, that is too little, it is. Nay, I'll tell you what I'll do with you: I'll lose twenty pounds—there! And that's a deal of money.'

'Keep it,' said George, 'and you will not lose a shilling: you will, on the contrary, gain ten pounds by the transaction. I have not the smallest doubt of being able to get the whole.'

'But I'd rather let you have it, I would,' rejoined Bull, who had very considerable doubts on the subject. 'Say a hundred and fifty for it. Come—there! We've never had a piece of business together yet. Come; say a hundred and fifty, and it's yours.'

'No; I'll give you a hundred, and then I shall make a hundred by it.'

Bull was by no means so sure on this point; he thought it indeed very doubtful: besides, it struck him at the time, that after what had occurred, the other half might be destroyed; and hence, feeling very acutely that it were better to lose one hundred pounds than two, he said, mournfully, after much deliberation, 'Well; it's a deal of money to lose; but as it's our first transaction, you shall have it.'

George accordingly gave him a cheque for the amount; and, in the course of the day, to Bull's bitter mortification, he placed before him the note complete. The wound thus inflicted was, however, partly healed by the information that he and his friend who had become bail for George were released; for George had seen Tynte, whom he so dreadfully alarmed that he not only gave the half note up at once, but went with him to have the villainous action withdrawn.

It being now no longer necessary for George to borrow money, and having heard nothing more from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, he started for Plymouth on the following day, with the view of completing the purchase of the brig, and of giving an impetus to the progress of his speculation.

During his absence, both Frederick and the broker had been active; so active, indeed, that on his arrival a great proportion of the potatoes had been delivered, although they were in the ground when they were purchased, while the vessel had been fitted up smartly, and engagements had been made with a master and crew.

Having consulted the broker, who appeared to be, and was, extremely anxious to do all in his power to serve him, George determined on sending his first cargo to Newport, in order that they might be purchased for the Bristol market. The brig was accordingly loaded, and when Frederick, who went with her as supercargo, had sold the potatoes at Newport, at the rate of seven shillings per bag, he returned with a cargo of coals, which more than covered the whole of the expenses, and George was so much pleased with the intelligence and activity he had displayed, that he not only made him a handsome

present, but left the entire management of the rest in his hands—to the delight of Colman, who wept, he was so glad—and having taken leave of the friends whom he had made during his stay, returned to town with the best wishes of them all.

The exertions which Frederick now made were most zealous. He was up at it early and late. He saw every thing done himself; he felt bound to do all in his power to promote the interests of George, who had reposed so much confidence in him; and the result was, that when the potatoes had been disposed of, and the vessel had arrived in the river, George found that he had cleared nearly a thousand pounds more than he had ever expected.

The arrival of Frederick created quite a sensation at George's residence. Julia was exceedingly anxious to see him, and so was Helen, and so was Jane; they knew they should be delighted with him—oh! they were perfectly sure that they should; and when George brought him home the next evening, they were. Jane fell in love with him at once; in Julia's estimation, he was, in personal appearance, second only to her George; while Helen pronounced him to be, with the exception of Mr. Julian, the most elegant and unassuming person she had ever had the pleasure to know.

It was observed too, in the course of the evening that Frederick regarded Helen with more than ordinary interest, which Jane thought particularly hard, for he scarcely noticed her, although she did all she possibly could to fascinate him. She had too much tact, however, to allow her vexation to appear; she smiled, and seemed to be as much delighted as the rest, although she really did begin to think that Helen was not quite so beautiful, or so interesting as she appeared to be in her view before.

'You remember your promise,' said Julia, when the excellences of the brig had been for some time under discussion. 'You remember that you promised to take us on board, do you not?'

'Oh yes; you can go when you please.'

'But when shall it be? If you don't take us soon, Helen and I will endeavor to prevail upon Mr. Broadbridge to take us. But say, George, when shall we go?'

'To-morrow, if you like. But you must put on white dresses.'

'Oh yes; that we'll do; we'll wear anything you please. You cannot conceive, Mr. Broadbridge, how I long to go on board.'

'I fear you'll not find her quite so clean as you might expect,' returned Frederick; 'coal-dust is so very searching.'

'Oh then! that I apprehend is the reason of our being so particularly directed to wear white? Very well, master George; but we'll not be disappointed! We don't mind a little coal dust, Helen, do we?'

'Oh dear no,' replied Helen, 'not at all.'

'Shall we dine on board? Oh yes, do let us dine!—it will be so pleasant.'

'You must not expect a very splendid dinner.'

'Oh, anything will do! We are not at all particular. I am sure that we shall enjoy ourselves much.'

It was accordingly arranged that they were to go the next day; and as the evening was then far advanced, Frederick, in a manner which proved how highly delighted he was with them all, took his leave.

On the following morning, early, after having seen the master of the vessel, and told him who were coming on board, in order that everything might be made as clean as possible, he went to the office to arrange certain papers having reference to the brig, and found that George had already arrived.

'Mr. Julian,' said he, embracing the first opportunity that occurred, 'is Miss Grantley a sister of Mrs. Julian?'

'No; merely a friend,' replied George.

'Oh—I thought they had been sisters.'

'They are as fond of each other as if they were sisters!'

'She appears to be very amiable.'

'She is very amiable. Has she made a very deep impression, Fred?'

'Oh, no,' replied Fred, feeling slightly confused, 'that is quite out of the question.'

'I do not believe,' rejoined George, with a smile, 'that it is quite out of the question! I'll tell her of the conquest she has made.'

'Not for the world, Mr Julian!—no—please do not name it.'

'Well, I will not. I may perhaps tell you a little more about Helen some day.'

Here the subject dropped, and when noon had arrived, George sent Fred round to accompany the ladies, promising to be on board himself to receive them.

This was a joyful task for Fred; he undertook it with alacrity; and when he had left, George called upon Bull, and having prevailed upon him to join them—notwithstanding he wished to be on Change to see if things were looking up—he did; they walked down together, ordered a dinner at the nearest hotel, and then went on board the brig.

The ladies soon arrived, and as the master had been the whole of that morning engaged in contriving a perfectly original ladder, which he offered to back against the world, they managed to reach the deck in safety, and that with a degree of comfort, considering.

But strange as it may appear, they were not at all struck with the beauty of the vessel! No! they looked fore and aft, they looked at the rigging, they looked down the hold, they looked, in short, at everything at which they could look, and yet they were by no means dazzled. But the cabin—ay, it might be a beautiful cabin; of that they had no doubt. They had heard much of cabins and cabin-boys, pretty little doves with flaxen hair and lily hands; they had seen portraits of them frequently, with their shirt-collars white as the driven snow, rolling over their beautiful blue jackets, and looking as rosy and smart as the children of the aristocracy. Oh! they felt perfectly sure that all the beauty of the vessel was concentrated in the cabin.

Having unanimously made up their minds to this, they were conducted by George down a hole, about four feet square, into a little semi-circular sort of a place, in which there was just room enough for six, and no more.

'Well!' said George, 'what do you think of the cabin?'

'Is *this* the cabin?' exclaimed Julia, looking with an expression of the most intense astonishment, first at Helen, and then at Jane, by both of whom the exclamation was echoed, 'Is this the cabin?'

'Yes,' replied George, 'and a very nice compact little place it is, too!'

Well; they *sat* down; but of all the surprises they ever experienced in the whole course of their lives, this was beyond all comparison the greatest.

'Now, ladies, make yourselves perfectly at home,' said George, who highly enjoyed their astonishment. 'If you'd like to lie down a little while before dinner, you'll find a bed here,' he added, opening one of the berths; 'we have everything convenient, you see, in the cabin.'

He then opened a bottle of sherry, and having told them that he would send some biscuits down immediately, went upon deck, where he procured half-a-dozen of the hardest and blackest on board, and directed one of the boys to take them down in his hand to the ladies.

Compared with those that are to be found in a regular coal brig, this boy was quite respectable in his appearance; his black hair was matted with tar, his skin was like nothing so much as the outside fat of a smoke-dried ham, and while his red woolen shirt had gone all to pieces, his canvas trousers, which were once white, were caked all over with coal dust and grease.

'Biscuits,' said he, as he entered the cabin.

'What are *you*?' inquired Julia.

'Boy!'

'But not the cabin-boy?'

'Yes I am.'

And while Julia was looking at her friends in amazement, he managed very dexterously to disappear.

'Dear me! what an untidy little creature!' exclaimed Julia, on finding that he had vanished.

'And such a shirt!' cried Jane; 'oh! Heaven knows!—*did* you see his shirt? And then the idea of his bringing the biscuits in his naked hands!—and such hands too!—dear me, what hands!'

And as a striking fact, it is worthy of being recorded, that all their previously established notions of a rosy-cheeked, curly-headed cabin-boy had been by this little living sample completely upset.

'But look at the biscuits!' cried Helen, quite struck with the color as well as the manifest hardness of the article. 'Will you permit me, ladies, to offer you a biscuit?'

'Well, did you ever see in all your days!' cried Jane; 'who can bite them? One ought to have elephant's teeth! Dear me; if I'd nothing but these things to eat, how long should I live? I am sure that I couldn't manage more than one in

six months, were I to nibble at it night and day without intermission.'

'They are hard,' observed Julia.

'Hard!' cried Jane, 'I could almost as easily get through a brick.'

'Hush!' whispered Jane, 'they are coming.' And the next moment Pompey put in his appearance, having been sent down by George with instructions to state the fact of his being the cook.

'Please,' said Pompey, with a grin, which was very unique, 'Massa arks me to arks you wedder you have chop or steak: me am cook—yes, wedder chop or steak?'

Some men of color have decent skins, highly polished and very respectable; but the skin which Pompey wore, being dull as soot, seemed as if in taking pains to look interesting and pale, he had got it to a sort of whitish black, and had thereby ruined his complexion.

As he paused for a reply at the cabin door, Julia looked at him for a moment: it was, however, but for a moment; for, as it struck her that an immediate answer was required, she pronounced the word 'either,' when he said, 'very well,' and departed.

'Well,' said Jane, 'did you ever, since the day you were born, see half such a fright? And for a cook, too, above all things under the sun! What stomachs they must have!'

The boy produced a powerful sensation; but nothing at all like the sensation created by Pompey. They were all quite sure that they could not touch a thing!—that they were not long making up their minds to.

'Well,' said George, on his return with Fred, having left Bull engaged in conversation with the captain, 'and how are your appetites, ladies?'

'Do you think,' observed Julia, 'that we had better dine here?'

'I thought that was what you most particularly wished?'

'Yes, but will it not be putting them out of the way?'

'Oh no, not at all. Come, have a glass of wine, and then we'll go upon deck. But how is this? you have not eaten your biscuits!'

'I'll take one of them home as a curiosity,' said Julia; 'but it strikes me, George, that you are playing some trick! Is he not, Mr. Broadbridge?'

'Fred smiled, and thus enabled them to perceive that their conjectures on that point were not incorrect.

Having had a glass of wine, they left the cabin; and it may be observed that, on reaching the deck, the vessel did not appear to be nearly so bad as she seemed to be to them at first: nay, their ideas on the subject having descended from the highest to the very lowest scale, they then found much to interest them, much to admire, and as the captain—whom they at first thought a singularly uncouth creature, and not at all what they had conceived a gallant captain should be—was exceedingly communicative and polite, they really began to think him a very pleasant person indeed; and, by virtue of all this, they felt a great deal better.

The brig was now hailed; and when the boat had been despatched, Julia, drawing Fred aside, ascertained that a dinner was coming on board from an hotel, which she communicated instantly to Helen and Jane, who were both much delighted.

'I thought,' said Jane, 'that we should never have it cooked by that dirty-looking black-man. What I should have done had such been the case, I don't know. I'm sure I couldn't have touched a bit! But as it is, it will be so delightful! I have such an appetite now!'

The dinner came on board, and a delicious little dinner it was; and as arrangements had been made to dine on deck—it being an exceedingly beautiful day—a sail was spread, with the view of conveying the idea of a carpet, and when the cloth had been laid, the ladies seated themselves, and were far more delighted than if the vessel and all her appointments had realised their brilliant conceptions at once. Oh! they could much admire everything then: every craft that passed became an object of interest; they ate and drank, and rallied each other, and laughed at the captain's innumerable jokes, which, although of considerable antiquity, were quite new to them: in short, the time so joyously passed that they had cause for regret only when evening drew near.

Poor Fred, however, in the midst of all this happiness was not himself gay. His eyes were constantly fixed upon Helen; but although he derived a peculiar pleasure from her presence, the consciousness of his poverty came so strongly upon him that it almost forbade him to hope. This caused him to be dull, and his dullness was noticed by them all; but it was mentioned by the captain only, who felt himself bound to declare that he had never had in his life witnessed such a change, and that before Fred had arrived in the river, he was all life and spirit: a declaration which made the matter worse, inasmuch as it imparted to the ladies the knowledge of a fact of which they were not of course previously aware.

The time for their departure having now fully arrived they left the vessel, and Fred accompanied them home; but he still continued silent: he felt that he had nothing to say but that which he dare not say, and this feeling made him wretched.

On the following day, however, having once named the subject to George, he resolutely made up his mind to renew it.

'Does Miss Grantley,' said he, 'intend to remain with you long?'

'Until she is married, I have no doubt,' said George.

'She is not about to be married?'

'Not that I am aware of. She has, I believe, no suitor yet.'

Fred by this answer felt greatly relieved, which George observing, said earnestly,—

'Fred, conceal nothing from me. You are enamored of Miss Grantley, and she is an amiable, although unfortunate person.'

'Unfortunate!' cried Fred.

'Ay, most unfortunate.'

'You were kind enough yesterday to say, Mr. Julian, that you might, some day, tell me more about her. Indeed, Mr. Julian, I am anxious—most anxious to hear!—can I prevail upon you to tell me at once?'

George consented: he explained to him the whole of the circumstances arising out of the affair with which the reader is already acquainted, and when he had done so, Helen in Fred's view became an object of greater interest than ever.

'She is indeed unfortunate! he exclaimed.—'But may she not marry again?'

'She may: in the eye of the law she is free; but whether she would feel herself justified in doing so, remains to be seen. This I know; he who is anxious to win her must proceed with great caution; haste must be fatal to his hopes: he will have one deep impression to remove before it will be possible for him to make another, he must steal into her heart imperceptibly: when there, his presence may do much; but be assured, that until he has accomplished that, there is no more prospect of Helen being induced to contract another marriage, than there is of Tynte being induced to become an honest man.'

'I wish that I could establish my claim,' sighed Fred.

'It can only be done in the way I have pointed out.'

'I mean my claim to that property.'

'Oh! I thought you alluded to your other claim. By the way, now you have mentioned it, explain to me how that matter stands.—Has any one tried to establish it for you?'

'It is that which has made me so desperately poor. A solicitor was employed for some considerable time, and as he proceeded he held out the most brilliant hopes, until I became, in consequence, penniless, when the matter suddenly dropped.'

'What was he to have in the event of success?'

'Five-and-twenty per cent. upon the amount recovered.'

'And what is the amount claimed?'

'Oh, the property I have ascertained to be upwards of a hundred thousand pounds.'

'Indeed! One would imagine the temptation to be sufficiently great to have induced him to go on with it—if, indeed, he saw even the slightest prospect of success.'

'Which I fear he never did see.'

'But what are the grounds upon which the claim rests?'

Fred proceeded to explain; and from the explanation, George gathered, that a Montague Broadbridge, having been abroad from a very early age, died suddenly, and intestate, soon after his return to England; that while living he had no known relations, but when advertisements appeared for the next of kin after his death, Fred, and Joseph, a cousin of his, who was himself a rich man, presented themselves as claimants; that Joseph had made great efforts, and had expended considerable sums of money with the view of establishing his claim, and that, although he had been unsuccessful, he still ex-

pected to succeed; that according to a pedigree prepared by a celebrated genealogist after much research, there could exist no moral doubt of Frederick's right; but that there was one link in the chain which could not legally be proved, and that was the marriage of his grandfather, of which no account then existed in the register of the parish in which the marriage took place.

'Have you seen this register yourself?' inquired George.

'Oh yes,' replied Fred, 'I have spent whole days in looking over it.'

'Then nothing but an account of this marriage is wanting?'

'Nothing more.'

'It's very strange that it should not be in the register. Of course he was married?'

'Oh, yes! of that I am certain. On one of the leaves of an old Bible I have in my desk, there is a note of the occurrence; but by some means or other the date has been torn off.'

'That's unfortunate. However, send for the whole of your papers; let me have them, and I'll enter into the thing from first to last. I'll go myself and see this register. But in the mean time, Fred, as far as Helen is concerned, let me recommend you not to be in haste. You may depend upon this that I will do all I can to aid you,—but be cautious.'

Fred promised that he would, and having thanked him warmly for his advice in that affair, and endeavored to explain to him how grateful he should feel for his assistance in the other, he wrote a letter with a comparatively light heart to Plymouth for the trunk in which the whole of his papers were.



PART 5.

CHAPTER XI.

MAC GREGOR'S RETURN.

A few days after this, George received a letter from McGregor, announcing his arrival in England, and stating that every thing had been satisfactorily arranged, that he should be in town if possible that evening, and that within an hour after he arrived he hoped to have the pleasure of seeing him at the office.

George had no sooner read this letter than he started off to call on Bull, whose spirits were raised to a pitch of ecstasy at the idea alone of McGregor's return, for he certainly had, since his departure, entertained a strong notion, that as he had got a deal of money out of him, he never intended to come back at all. But now, here was the man!—there could be no mistake now about his honorable intentions!—he had been to Poyais and come back, and that too with news the most glorious!

'I am happy to inform you,' said he, reading the letter for the fifth time, 'that every thing has been satisfactorily arranged. My dear boy,' he added, 'our fortunes are made, they are; nothing can be clearer than that. Everything

—everything satisfactorily arranged—satisfactorily arranged—mark arranged!—Of course he has got the authority of the king, and the resources of the country are at our disposal!'

'Well, that we shall see this evening when he arrives.'

'But here it is now, my dear boy! *Everything sat—is—fac—torily arranged!*—What can it mean if it don't mean that? It can't mean anything else, it can't, any how! But what a singular fellow it is to sign his name Gregor—Gregor! as if he himself were the sovereign of Poyais! Well, but now what's the first thing to be done?'

'Why, the first thing,' said George, 'is to ascertain exactly *what* arrangements he has made.'

'Yes, but you know, my dear boy, we must bestir ourselves, we must. We must look out for offices; it must not be at either of ours you know; we must have them magnificent and spacious!—let me see, where are there any large offices to let?'

'In the first place,' said George, 'where are we to take McGregor when he arrives, in order to hear his explanation?'

'Where are we to take him, my dear boy!—Won't it do here?'

'We had better go to some more convenient place, I think. It may be late when he comes. Besides, we ought to know more than he might feel disposed to enter into here.'

'True, true,' returned Bull, 'I understand.—Well, let us go home to my house and have him over a glass of wine.'

'Shall we take Fred with us? He may be useful as an amanuensis; especially as I mean to propose that we give him the appointment of secretary. I think that he will be very efficient.'

'I think so too. I'm quite taken with that young man, I am; I think him a very worthy and intelligent young fellow. Oh, we'll take him, by all means. We'll all go together in a coach, we will; the fare's a deal of money, but we'll do the thing respectable.'

It was accordingly thus settled. George sent word to Julia that he should in all probability be late, and the whole of the morning was occupied by Bull in building the most magnificent castles the human imagination ever conceived.

Towards the evening, in order that they might all be in readiness, George went to Bull's office with Fred, and remained there discussing the subject of loans, until one of the clerks announced the arrival of McGregor.

Bull was up in an instant, and flew to the door with the view of being the first to explain how delighted he was to see him; but on taking his hand, he was so struck with his appearance that for a moment he had scarcely power to utter a word.

And the change that had been effected, was indeed most striking. Dressed in a richly braided military frock, the breast of which was covered with orders, he appeared an altogether different man; in short, looked like what he represented himself to be,—the Sovereign Prince of Poyais!

After the first cordial greeting—for His High-

ness so far forgot his dignity as to relinquish for a moment his majestic air—he announced, in order to show at once what progress he had made, that he had been proclaimed publicly as GREGOR THE FIRST, SOVEREIGN PRINCE AND CAZIQUE OF THE POYAIS NATION.

'You don't say so!' exclaimed Bull, on hearing this announcement, which almost stunned him. 'I am glad of it, very glad of it, I am;' he added, rubbing his knees until his hands became hot. 'I'm delighted to hear it! Our fortunes are made!—but don't say another syllable now!—we'll all go home together, and then we can talk this great matter over calmly. But what a sensation the title will make!'

'It will have a good effect,' observed George.

'An astounding effect it will have, it will, perfectly astounding! The very thing!—nothing could possibly be better!'

'You have, of course, your credentials?' said George.

'Oh! I have them all here. This document alone will convince the most incredulous.'

A coach was then sent for, and when it arrived, they started at once for Bull's residence; and on the way his Serene Highness signified his conviction that the title by which he had been publicly proclaimed should not on any occasion be dispensed with.

'You will understand my motive,' he added; 'I feel sure that you will not ascribe it to any foolish vanity; I suggest the propriety, simply because I feel that it will tend to give *eclat* to our proceedings.'

'Oh! I see,' returned Bull, 'I see the object at a glance, and a very proper object it is. The thing will take town by storm, it will—by storm!'

On arriving at the house, Bull led the way into his drawing-room; and having produced the wine before they commenced, that they might not afterwards be disturbed, he took his seat directly opposite his Highness, who then proceeded to relate in glowing colors every circumstance connected with his expedition.

To this history—and it was a most interesting one, they listened with almost breathless attention, and certainly, according to his Highness's account, his success had been signal and complete.

'Poyais,' said he, in describing the country, 'is the paradise of the world—the most delightful spot upon earth. Some have supposed that the Mosquito-shore derived its name from the swarm of small islands by which its coast is surrounded; but the fact is, the Spaniards, being unable to subdue the noble spirited natives, gave them what they conceived to be a repulsive name. This general name of the Mosquitoes, embraces the whole of the nations occupying the territory which extends from Cape Honduras, to the beautiful Lake Nicaragua—a space which takes in more than a hundred and fifty leagues of the shore—as well as the inner space between the great coast and the chain of mountains, whose tops touch heaven. It is a lovely country! And not only is it enchanting to the eye, but its soil is, beyond conception rich. The cotton-

bush grows like the thistle; cocoa and chocolate flourish spontaneously; the fruit is the finest and most delicious upon earth; while maize, yams, potatoes—nay, every description of vegetables there, spring up comparatively like mushrooms here. And as for fish! cast but a net off any part of the coast, and it is almost instantaneously full; and if you look at the produce in a commercial point of view, the revenues which might be derived are beyond all human calculation.'

'It must,' exclaimed Bull, 'be a country indeed!'

'It is, sir, a country, a lovely country, the most charming country on the face of the globe. I have been in most countries, and am able to judge; and when I assert that there is no country comparable with it under heaven, I defy contradiction.'

'And the inhabitants?' suggested George.

'Brave, loyal and intelligent! There are two distinct *castes*, the Red and the Black. The Red are the originals; the Black are the descendants of fifty negroes, who, on being sold in the neighboring islands, obtained their liberty in consequence of the vessel they were on board being wrecked. But even they are now a noble race, equally generous and virtuous with the Reds, and so highly appreciate honor, that they never trust a man who has once deceived them, or even in the most unimportant matter forfeited his word; the effect which this has upon their conduct is amazing. You find no disaffection, no discontent there: all are happy and tranquil. His Majesty, the King, has no occasion for guards; and hence he has none. It is the place to which, before all other places upon earth, the surplus population of Great Britain should emigrate. There is no country like it! If they desire to flourish, they should at once go there.'

'If I were a somewhat younger man than I am,' observed Bull, 'I should be half inclined to go out myself.'

'I hope to see you there as it is,' said His Highness. 'I hope that at a period not very remote we shall all be there together.'

Bull smiled and shook his head.

'Why not?' continued His Highness. 'If a nation be flourishing through our instrumentality should we deprive ourselves of the peculiar pleasure of witnessing the work of our own hands? Why should you not go? Why should we not all go when the great and glorious object we propose shall be attained? For my part, I not only hope but expect to see you all, and when I do, all shall be honored. Already, Mr. Julian, whom I have reason to respect highly, may henceforth consider himself Knight Commander of the Order of the Green Cross, the highest honor which I, as Sovereign Prince of Poyais, have the power to confer, and, by virtue of my authority, George St. George Julian is Knight Commander of the Order of the Green Cross accordingly.'

His Highness then solemnly transferred one of the orders from his own breast to that of Sir George, at the same time observing, that however unimportant it might then appear to be, he would know, anon, that by virtue of wearing

that order he stood next to him in the Republic of Poyais.

Bull's faculties were now in a state of confusion; he sat amazed, looking full over his spectacles, with his mouth wide open, while George, to whom the ceremony at first seemed a most absurd farce, was so impressed with the grandeur of McGregor, his solemn aspect and dignified air, that all ideas of mockery were supplanted by the conviction that McGregor was in reality what he assumed to be, and that he was in reality a Knight Commander of the Green Cross.

Nor did there appear to be, even on reflection, strange as it may seem, sufficient grounds to repudiate, or even to weaken that conviction; for there were the documents in which his title was set forth, clearly and distinctly acknowledging his sovereignty; while for all he assumed he produced his authority, signed by the Mosquito king. It was strange! most strange! Yet, what could they say? what could they think?—They could not but think that it was true. And they marvelled at the extraordinary character of the truth, and continued to marvel until they separated for the night, with the understanding that operations were to commence on the morrow.

CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH THE FIRST LOAN IS RAISED.

On the morrow proceedings were accordingly commenced, in a way well calculated to inspire public confidence. The cazique, covered with orders, appeared daily upon 'Change: he was, indeed, the observed of all observers; every one knew him to be the cazique; and being a fine, handsome, noble-looking fellow, his appearance alone created a powerful sensation; but that, in connexion with the object proposed, had the effect of taking the judgment of the citizens by storm.

Poyais was in the mouth of every speculative man: nothing was talked of so much as Poyais; for prospectuses had been plentifully distributed, while advertisements of the most flaming character appeared constantly in every paper throughout the kingdom.

It is, moreover, to be remarked, that this was peculiarly a speculative era; that they were the palmy days of bubblemongers of every caste; and that any scheme, no matter how visionary or wild, was in the hands of ingenious knaves, quite sure to succeed. An almost universal mania possessed the public mind; people became the absolute slaves of its influence; and, during its ascendancy, the basis was laid for the ruin of thousands of families, whose prospects were soon after utterly blasted.

It is, of course, well to encourage speculation; the existence of the spirit of enterprise is essential to the greatness of a nation: the whole of our vast improvements,—nay, civilization itself, and all the blessings with which it teems, are ascribable solely to the operation of that spirit; but when men of limited means are to be found

embarking in a project of which the failure must involve them and all connected with them in ruin, it may truly be said that much madness prevails; for, that such blind recklessness amounts to a species of madness, is a fact which is placed beyond the pale of dispute.

At this period thousands of short-sighted persons, dazzled by the brilliant misrepresentations of dishonorable men, thus ran wild. Nor were they with even this content:—they spread the contagion; they prevailed upon all over whom they possessed influence, or who had confidence in their judgment, to follow their ruinous example; and widows innumerable, children, and aged persons having narrow incomes, were thus reduced to absolute beggary.

Of course, the most specious baits were held out; but it is, notwithstanding that, amazing that reasonable beings should have been so extensively gulled. For what real security had they? It was all essentially nominal; and yet, in spite of reason, in spite of the perpetual warnings of experienced, far-seeing men, the most transparent bubbles ever blown were, by virtue of this merely nominal security, successful.

In order, however, to impart a somewhat more exact notion of the nature of the security offered, it will be well to transcribe what His Highness was pleased to term the General Mortgage Bond which will at the same time serve to convey the idea of the scale upon which the whole thing was conducted.

THE POYAIS LOAN.

'Know all men by these presents, that I, Gregor McGregor, the First Sovereign Prince of the Independent State of Poyais and its Dependencies, Cazique of the Poyais Nation, &c., &c., have, for the purpose of consolidating the said State, defraying the expenses of the same, and promoting the general development of the natural advantages of the country, negotiated and raised a loan of £200,000/ sterling for the service of the said State, and which has been placed at the disposal of the said state.

'Now therefore I do declare, for and in behalf and in the name of the said government of Poyais, that the terms and conditions upon which the said loan was raised, are as follows:

'FIRST. That the said loan has been raised on security of this present instrument or general bond which shall be divided into 2000 shares or special bonds of £100 sterling each, to be hereafter issued payable to bearer with interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, which interest shall commence from the first day of May, and shall be paid half yearly in London without any deduction, the first payment to begin and be made on the first day of November.

'SECOND. That all the revenues of the said State of Poyais, shall be, and they are hereby declared to be, pledged by this general bond to all the holders of the aforesaid special bonds for the payment of the principal and interest of the said loan in manner hereinafter mentioned: And further, that a duty of 2 1-2 per cent. over and above the duty now imposed and payable, shall be laid upon all merchandise imported into

the State of Poyais, after the eleventh day of June, and the same together with all duties now levied, or which may hereafter be levied upon such imports, and also the proceeds of all sales of land to settlers or otherwise by the said government shall be and are hereby specially charged and pledged with and for the payment of the interest of the said loan and the redemption of the principal thereof; And that Treasurers General for the time being shall be authorised directed and bound, to collect and keep separate for the purposes hereinmentioned, the said duties upon imports and proceeds of sales of land, and shall not apply any of the said duties upon imports to the ordinary and extraordinary purposes of the state, until the sum necessary for the half yearly remittance to England, of the interest and provision for the sinking fund hereinafter mentioned, shall be completed and ready for transmission; and not more than five-sixths parts of the clear proceeds from sales of land shall be applied to those purposes until the debt for the time being under this present security shall be discharged. And if from any cause a deficiency shall occur at the end of any half year in the amount of the said duties upon imports, so especially pledged as aforesaid, then and in every such case the said treasurers general for the time being, shall be authorised directed and bound, to make good such deficiency out of the general revenues of the state; and no part of such general revenues shall be applied to the ordinary or extraordinary purposes of the state until the interest and sinking fund of the said loan shall be fully and punctually provided for at the end of every half year. And in order to provide for the redemption of the principal sum of the said loan, the sum of £2000 sterling shall be appropriated in the first year from the date hereof, and the sum of £1000 shall be remitted to England in every succeeding year by equal half yearly payments, together with one sixth part of the net proceeds of all sales of land as the same shall be made from time to time by the said government to settlers or otherwise, to be applied as a sinking fund in the redemption of the bonds in circulation at or under par; and the first of such half yearly payments, amounting to £500 sterling to be applied as a sinking fund, shall be made on the first day of January. The treasurers general for the time being shall be especially charged with the execution of this article in all its parts, and with the remittances under the direction and at the expense and for the account and use of the Government of Poyais to the bankers in London, in the name of the agent and commissioners for the time being for the management and redemption of this loan in London of the necessary funds for the payment of the half yearly interest and provision for the sinking fund aforesaid; which said remittances shall at all times be forwarded from Poyais at least two months before the said payments shall severally fall due and become payable in London.

THIRD. The sums engaged to be provided by the foregoing article shall be appropriated in the following manner: that is to say, the amount

necessary to pay the interest of the said loan shall be appropriated and applied in the manner set forth in Article I. The amount engaged to be provided for the sinking fund shall in the first instance to the extent of such provision, be employed in the purchase of bonds; and all future half yearly remittances for the same purpose, as hereinbefore provided for, together also with the amount of the interest of all bonds redeemed, shall be applied to the further redemption of outstanding bonds, within the period of the half year next following every such remittance until the final redemption of the said loan. And if at any time the said special bonds shall be above par, exclusive of the dividend then due, in order that the sinking fund may continue in due operation, the agent for the time being acting in the said loan, or some other person duly authorised by the government of the said state of Poyais, shall in such manner and form as they may think proper, cause it to be determined by lot, to be drawn by the said agent, which of the outstanding bonds shall be paid off at par; and the bonds thus determined to be paid off shall not exceed the amount of the then unapplied produce of the sinking fund for that half year; and the numbers of bonds so to be paid off, shall be advertised in the *London Gazette*, and be paid on demand, with interest for the half year current at the time of such advertisement; And all further interest on the same shall thenceforth cease, and all bonds so paid off shall be thereupon cancelled, and deposited at the said banking-house in London, and remain so deposited until the whole of the said loan shall be paid off; and the numbers of the bonds so paid off and cancelled in each half year shall be advertised in the *London Gazette*.

FOURTH. That the holders of the said special bonds shall be at any time and at all times entitled to have and take a portion or portions of land in the said state of Poyais in exchange for any bond or bonds of which they may so be the holder or holders, and to the amount thereof at par, at the rate or price at which such land shall be selling at the time of such exchange, if greater than the present price, but at no less rate of price than two dollars per acre, at which the same is now selling: and the land so to be taken in exchange to be drawn by lot by the agent resident in London for the sale of the said land, out of any allotment or allotments thereof which shall then be on sale, but subject to a feudal duty of one cent of a dollar per acre.

FIFTH. That the holders of the said special bonds shall at any time and at all times be entitled to pay one half the duties due by any one individual ship to the customs in Poyais, in the aforesaid special bonds, which shall be taken and received at par.

SIXTH. That, as an additional security for the due payment of the interest, and for the redemption at any time of all or any part of the principal of the said loan, one-tenth part of the net proceeds of all special bonds sold, shall be set apart and laid out in the purchase of four per cent. annuities in England, or deposited with the bankers of the said loan, they allowing interest

for the same in the name of the said agent for the time being, for the said loan, or of commissioners to be appointed for that purpose, to be from time to time applied by him or them to any of the purposes or stipulations of this general bond, as may become necessary or expedient.

'SEVENTH. That if, at the expiration of thirty years from the day of the date hereof, any of the said bonds should remain not discharged, or unredeemed by the sinking fund, exchange in land or payment of duties at the customs in Poyais as aforesaid, then and in that case the government of the said state of Poyais shall pay off all and every of such bonds at par.

'EIGHTH. That this present instrument or general bond shall be deposited and remain in the said banking-house in London until the final redemption of the said loan.

'AND I, the said Gregor McGregor, for and in the name of the said government of Poyais, declare, that in raising the said loan, it was stipulated and agreed, and I do as Sovereign Prince of the said state of Poyais hereby engage and agree that I shall not raise a contract for any new loan in Europe, unless one-eighth part of the present loan shall have been previously redeemed, or unless in the contract for such new loan it is stipulated that the first proceeds of and from such new loan, or a competent part of such proceeds shall be applied in or towards the discharge of the debt then remaining unpaid upon the present loan at par within twelve months from the date of such contract.

'AND I do, as Sovereign Prince of the said state of Poyais, and as fully representing the same, hereby bind myself my heirs and successors, together with the government and all the public authorities thereof which now do, or may hereafter exist, to perform and fulfil faithfully and truly all the foregoing engagements and conditions, and for no reason and on no pretence whatsoever, at any time, or under any circumstances, to refuse, evade or delay, the full and ample performance and fulfilment, as in me may lie and be practicable of the aforesaid engagements and conditions on the part and behalf of the said state, or any of them.

'AND I do, by these presents, declare the said government responsible, and legally and solemnly bound to all persons collectively intrusted in the said loan of £200,000 sterling, and individually to each of them for the amount of the special bonds and interest for which for the time being they may be the holders.

'IN FAITH WHEREOF I, the said Gregor McGregor, as such Sovereign Prince, of and for, and on behalf of the said government of Poyais, have signed the present general bond, and have affixed thereto the seal of state.

'GREGOR MAC GREGOR, P.'

This was the security offered, and upon this and this alone, however incredible it may appear, nearly a hundred and fifty thousand pounds were in a short time actually raised!

While, however, the 'Loan' was progressing, His Highness lived in magnificent style; every thing about him was of a character the most

superb, and during his stay in Paris, which he honored with a visit, as a matter of business solely, he never appeared in public but in his carriage of state, drawn by six richly caparisoned horses. Upon the Parisians this well sustained grandeur had a powerful effect, and more especially as his breast was always studded with orders; they hailed him as a prince! he was indeed in their view most *distingué*! and being firmly resolved to keep alive the sensation he had created, he lived at the rate of fifty thousand a year, although he had been but a few months previously starving in a prison.

This monstrous extravagance at first partially opened the eyes of George; but as they were ingeniously closed again by His Highness, he proceeded with indefatigable zeal to accomplish the object proposed. From the dawn of day until midnight he was at it without intermission; he may be said to have set his soul upon the business in hand, for all the energies of his mind and body were devoted exclusively with a view to its success.

This McGregor well knew; he knew besides that if the real object were to appear he should be deprived at once of his valuable services and hence his anxiety to keep him in the dark.—George firmly believed that all was just and legitimate, and acting upon this belief he viewed the object as being most noble in its character, and therefore resolved to do all in his power to promote it.

As the special bonds were eagerly secured, advertisements appeared in the newspapers daily, some for vessels, some for implements of husbandry, others for provisions; in short, estimates for every thing essential to the foundation of a new settlement were constantly demanded, which gave an *ecart* to the whole affair, and kept up the price of the bonds not in London alone, but in Amsterdam, Paris, and Hamburg.

Emigrants especially were directed to turn their attention to this land of promise, to which arrangements had been made to convey them on terms the most liberal, while the collateral advantages they were to derive were portrayed in the most tempting colors. Mechanics of every description, agricultural laborers, butchers, bakers, grocers, grooms, brickmakers, schoolmasters, and barbers were assured of the most brilliant success, while persons of small capital received peculiarly pressing invitations to go out, not because His Highness imagined that their capital would have a tendency to increase the importance of Poyais in the scale of nations, but because he was anxious both to let them have land at the rate of two dollars per acre, and to oblige them by exchanging their surplus cash for the notes of the National Bank of Poyais.

Half pay officers were also invited, with medical men and curates, who imagined that mitres would become them: clerks were moreover solicited to fill lucrative offices in the customs and excise, for which of course they were expected to pay premiums here. A lieutenant-governor was appointed, with instructions to raise a mighty army—a treasurer-general; a

governor of the imaginary national bank, with commissioners, magistrates, superintendents—in short functionaries of every description received appointments on application to the prince, who administered to most of them the oath of allegiance!—and when all these preliminaries had

been arranged, to the entire satisfaction of His Highness, he being extremely anxious to send off the first batch of emigrants, appointed a day for their going on board, when the provisions and stores having previously been shipped, the first vessel sailed for Poyais.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.



FRIENDS DROPPING OFF.



THE BEARER'S NOOSE MAY BE DEPENDED ON.



POT VALIANT.



A NEW NOVEL BY



D. C. Johnston.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT.]

"THE POACHER."

PART 8.

VOL. II.—CHAPTER I.

A VERY LONG CHAPTER, BUT IN WHICH OUR
HERO OBTAINS EMPLOYMENT IN A VERY
SHORT TIME.

The preparatory establishment for young gentlemen to which our hero had been sent was situated on Clapham-rise. Joey did not think it prudent to walk in the direction of London; he therefore made a cut across the country, so as to bring him, before seven o'clock in the morning, not very far from Gravesend. The night had been calm and beautiful, for it was in the month of August; and it had for some time been broad daylight, when our hero, who had walked fifteen or sixteen miles, sat down to repose himself; and, as he remained quietly seated on the green turf on the wayside, he thought of his father and mother, of the kindness of the M'Shanes, and his own hard fate, until he became melancholy and wept; and, as the tears were rolling down his cheeks, a little girl, of about ten years old, very neatly dressed, and evidently above the lower ranks of life, came along the

road, her footsteps so light as not to be perceived by Joey; she looked at him as she passed, and perceived that he was in tears, and her own bright, pretty face became clouded in a moment. Joey did not look up, and, after hesitating awhile, she passed on a few steps, and then she looked round, and observing that he was still weeping, she paused, turned round, and came back to him; for a minute or two she stood before him, but Joey was unconscious of her presence, for he was now in the full tide of his grief, and, not having forgotten the precepts which had been carefully instilled into him, he thought of the God of Refuge, and he arose, fell on his knees, and prayed. The little girl, whose tears had already been summoned by pity and sympathy, dropped her basket and knelt by his side—not that she prayed, for she knew not what the prayer was for, but from an instinctive feeling of respect towards the Deity which her new companion was addressing, and a feeling of kindness towards one who was evidently suffering. Joey lifted up his eyes, and beheld the child on her knees, the tears rolling down her

cheeks; he hastily wiped his eyes, for, until that moment, he imagined that he had been alone, and he had been praying on account of his loneliness; he looked up, and he was not alone, but there was one by his side who pitied him, without knowing wherefore; he felt relieved by the sight. They both regained their legs at the same time, and Joey went up to the little girl, and, taking her by the hand, said, 'Thank you.'

'Why do you cry?' said the little girl.

'Because I am unhappy; I have no home,' replied Joey.

'No home!' said the little girl; 'it is boys who are in rags and starving, who have no home, not young gentlemen dressed as you are.'

'But I have left my home,' replied Joey.

'Then go back again—how glad they will be to see you!'

'Yes, indeed they would,' replied Joey, 'but I must not.'

'You have not done anything wrong, have you? No, I'm sure you have not—you must be a good boy, or you would not have prayed.'

'No, I have done nothing wrong, but I must not tell you any more.'

Indeed, Joey was much more communicative with the little girl than he would have been with anybody else; but he had been surprised into it, and, moreover, he had no fear of being betrayed by such innocence. He now recollected himself, and changed the conversation.

'And where are you going to?' inquired he.

'I am going to school at Gravesend. I go there every morning, and stay till the evening. This is my dinner in my basket. Are you hungry?'

'No, not particularly.'

'Are you going to Gravesend?'

'Yes,' replied Joey; 'and what is your name?'

'Emma Phillips.'

'Have you a father and mother?'

'I have no father; he was killed fighting, a little while after I was born.'

'And your mother—?'

'Lives with grandmother, at that house you see there through the trees.—And what are you going to do with yourself? Will you come home with me? and I'll tell my mother all you have told me, and she is very kind, and will write to your friends.'

'No, no; you must not do that, I am going to seek employment.'

'Why what can you do?'

'I hardly know,' replied Joey; 'but I can work, and am willing to work, so I hope I shall not starve.'

With such conversation they continued their way, until the little girl said, 'There is my school, so now I must wish you good bye.'

'Good bye; I shall not forget you, Emma,' replied Joey, 'although we may never meet again.' Tears stood in the eyes of Joey, as they reluctantly unclasped their hands and parted.

Joey, once more left alone, now meditated what was the best course for him to pursue.—The little Emma's words, 'Not young gentlemen dressed as you are,' reminded him of the remarks and suspicions which must ensue if he

did not alter his attire. This he resolved to do immediately; the only idea which had presented itself to his mind was, if possible, to find some means of getting back to Captain O'Donahue, who, he was sure, would receive him if he satisfied him that it was not safe for him to remain in England; but, then, must he confess to him the truth or not? On this point our hero was not decided, so he put off the solution of it till another opportunity. A slop warehouse now attracted his attention, he looked into the door after having examined the articles outside, and seeing that a sailor boy was bargaining for some clothes, he went in as if waiting to be served, but, in fact, more to ascertain the value of the articles which he wished to purchase. The sailor had cheapened a red frock and a pair of blue trousers, and at last obtained them from the Jew for 14s. Joey argued that, as he was much smaller than the lad, he ought to pay less; he asked for the same articles, but the Jew, who had scanned in his own mind the suit of clothes which Joey had on, argued that he ought to pay more. Joey was, however, firm, and about to leave the shop, when the Jew called him back, and, after much haggling, Joey obtained the dress for 12s. Having paid for the dress, Joey begged permission to be permitted to retire to the back shop and put it on, to ascertain if it fitted him, to which the Jew consented. A Jew asks no questions where a penny is to be turned; who Joey was he cared little; his first object was to sell him the clothes, and having so done he hoped to make another penny by obtaining those of Joey at a moderate price. Perceiving that our hero was putting his own clothes which he had taken off into a bundle, the Jew asked him whether he would sell them, and Joey immediately agreed; but the price offered by the Jew was so small, that they were returned to the bundle, and once more was Joey leaving the shop, when the Jew at last offered to return Joey the money he had paid for the sailor's dress, and take his own clothes in exchange, provided that Joey would also exchange his hat for one of tarpaulin, which would be more fitting to his present costume. To this our hero consented, and thus was the bargain concluded without Joey having parted with any of his small stock of ready money. No one who had only seen him dressed as when he quitted the school, would have easily recognized Joey in his new attire.—Joey sallied forth from the shop with his bundle under his arm, intending to look out for a breakfast, for he was very hungry. Turning his head right and left to discover some notice of where provender might be obtained, he observed the sailor lad, who had been in the shop when he went in, with his new purchases under his arm, looking very earnestly at some prints in a shop window; Joey ranged up alongside of him, and inquired of him where he could get something to eat; the lad turned round, stared, and, after a little while, cried, 'Well, now, you're the young gentleman chap that came into the shop; I say, arn't you after a rig, eh?' given them leg bail I'll swear. No consarn of mine, old fellow.—Come along, I'll show you.'

Joey walked by his new acquaintance a few yards, when the lad turned to him. 'I say, did your master whop you much?'

'No,' replied Joey.

'Well, then, that's more than I can say of mine, for he was at it all day. Hold out your right hand, now your left,' continued he, mimicking; 'My eyes! how it used to sting. I don't think I should mind it much now,' continued the lad, turning up his hand; 'it's a little harder than it was then. Here's the shop, come in; if you haven't no money I'll give you a breakfast.'

The lad took his seat on one side of the table and Joey on the other, and his new acquaintance called for two pints of tea, a twopenny loaf, and two penny bits of cheese. The loaf was divided between them, and with their portion of cheese and pint of tea each, they made a good breakfast. As soon as it was over, the young sailor said to Joey,—

'Now, what are you going arter; do you mean to ship?'

'I want employment,' replied Joey; 'and I don't much care what it is.'

'Well, then, look you; I ran away from my friends and went to sea, and do you know that I've only repented of it once, and that's ever since. Better do anything than go to sea—winter coming on and all; besides, you don't look strong enough; you don't know what it is to be coasting in the winter time; thrashed up to furl the top-gallant-sail, when it is so dark you can't see your way, and so cold that you can't feel your fingers, holding on for your life, and feeling as if life, after all, was not worth caring for; cold and misery aloft, kicks and thumps below. Don't you go to sea; if you do, after what I've told you, why then you're a greater fool than you look to be.'

'I don't want to be a sailor,' replied Joey, 'but I must do something to get my living. You are very kind; will you tell me what to do?'

'Why, do you know, when I saw you come up to me, while I stood looking at the pictures, in your frock and trousers, you put me in mind, because you are so much like him, of a poor little boy who was drowned the other day alongside of an India ship; that's why I stared, for I thought you were he, at first.'

'How was he drowned, poor fellow?' responded Joey.

'Why, you see, his aunt is a good old soul; who keeps a bumboat and goes off to the ship-ping.'

'What's a bumboat?'

'A boat full of soft tommy, soldiers, pipes and backey, rotten apples, stale pies, needles and threads, and a hundred other things; besides a fat old woman sitting in the stern sheets.'

Joey stared; he did not know that 'soft tommy' meant loaves of bread, or that 'soldiers' was a term for red herrings. He only thought that the boat must be very full.

'Now you see that little Peter was her right-hand man, for she can't read and write. Can you? but of course you can.'

'Yes, I can,' replied Joey.

'Well, little Peter was holding on by the

painter against a head sea, but his strength was not equal to it, and so he was pulled right overboard, when a swell took the boat and he was drowned.'

'Was the painter drowned too?' inquired Joey.

'Ha! ha! that's capital; why the painter is a rope. Now the old woman has been dreadfully put out, and has done nothing but cry about little Peter, and not being able to keep her accounts. Now, you look very like him, and I think it very likely the old woman would take you in his place, if I went and talked her over; that's better than going to sea, for at all events you sleep dry and sound on shore every night, even if you do have a wet jacket sometimes.—What d'ye think?'

'I think you are very kind, and I should be glad to take the place.'

'Well, she's a good old soul, and has a warm heart, and trusts them who have no money; too much, I'm afraid, for she loses a great deal. So now I'll go and speak to her, for she'll be along side of us when I go on board; and where shall I find you when I come on shore in the evening?'

'Wherever you say, I'll be.'

'Well then, meet me here at nine o'clock; that will make all certain. Come, I must be off now. I'll pay for the breakfast.'

'No—I have money, I thank you,' replied Joey.

'Then keep it, for it's more than I can do; and what's your name?'

'Joey.'

'Well, then, Joey, my hearty, if I get you this berth, when we come in, and I am short, you must recollect to let me go on tick till I can pay.'

'What's tick?'

'You'll soon find out what tick is, after you have been a week in the bumboat,' replied the lad, laughing. 'Nine o'clock, my hearty; good bye.'

So saying the young sailor caught up his new clothes, and hastened down to the beach.

The room was crowded with women and seamen, but they were too busy talking and laughing to pay any attention to Joey and his comrade. Our little hero sat some little while at the table after his new acquaintance had left, and then walked out into the street, telling the people of the house that he was coming back again, and requesting them to take care of his bundle.

'You'll find it here, my little fellow, all right when you ask for it,' said the woman at the bar, who took it inside, and put it away under the counter.

Joey went out with his mind more at ease.—The nature of his new employment, should he succeed in obtaining it, he could scarcely comprehend, but still it appeared to him one that he could accomplish. He amused himself walking down the streets, watching the movements of the passers by, the watermen in their wherries, and the people on board of the vessels which were lying off in the stream. It was a busy and animating sight. As he was loitering at the land-

ing place, a boat came on shore, which, from the description given by his young sailor friend, he was convinced was a bumboat; it had all the articles described by him, as well as many others, such as porter in bottles, a cask probably containing beer, leeks, onions, and many other heterogeneous matters; and, moreover, there was a fat woman seated in the stern.

The waterman shoved in with his boat-hook, and the wherry grounded. The fat personage got out, and the waterman handed to her a basket, a long-book, and several other articles, which she appeared to consider indispensable; among others, a bundle which looked like dirty linen for the wash.

'Dear me! how shall I get up all these things?' exclaimed the woman; 'and, William, you can't leave the boat, and there's nobody here to help me.'

'I'll help you,' said Joey, coming down the steps; 'what shall I carry for you?'

'Well, you're a good, kind boy,' replied she; 'can you carry that bundle; I'll manage all the rest.'

Joey tossed the bundle on his shoulder in a moment.

'Well, you're a strong little chap,' said the waterman.

'He's a very nice little fellow, and a kind one. Now come along, and I'll not forget you,' said the old woman.

Joey followed with the bundle, until they arrived at a narrow door not eighty yards from the landing place, and the woman asked him if he would carry it up stairs to the first floor, which he did.

'Do you want me any more?' said Joey, letting down the bundle.

'No, dear, no; but I must give you something for your trouble.'

'Nothing at all,' replied Joey, 'I shall not take any thing; you are welcome; good bye;' and so saying, Joey walked down stairs, although the woman halloed after him, and recommenced his peregrination in the streets of Gravesend; but he was soon tired of walking on the pavement, which was none of the best, and he then thought he would go out into the country, and enjoy the green fields; so off he set, the same way that he came into town, passed by the school of little Emma, and trudged away on the road, stopping every now and then to examine what attracted his notice, watching a bird if it sang on the branch of a tree, and not moving lest he should frighten it away, at times sitting down by the road-side, and meditating on the past and future. The day was closing in, and Joey was still amusing himself as every boy who has been confined in a school-room would do; he sauntered on until he came to the very spot where he had been crying, and had met with little Emma Phillips; and as he sat down again, he thought of her sweet little face and her kindness towards him—and there he remained some time till he was roused by some one singing as they went along the road. He looked up, and perceived it was the little girl, who was returning from school. Joey rose immediately, and walk-

ed towards her to meet her, but she did not appear to recognise him, and would have passed him if he had not said,—

'Don't you know me?'

'Yes, I do now,' replied she smiling 'but I did not at first—you have put on another dress. I have been thinking of you all day—and, do you know, I've got a black mark for not saying my lesson,' added the girl with a sigh.

'And then it's my fault,' replied Joey; 'I'm very sorry.'

'O, never mind; it is the first that I have had for a long while, and I shall tell mamma why. But you are dressed as a sailor-boy—are you going to sea?'

'No, I believe not—I hope to have employment here in town, and then I shall be able to see you sometimes when you return from school. May I walk with you as far as your own house?'

'Yes, I suppose so, if you like it.'

Joey walked with her until they came to the house, which was about two hundred yards farther.

'But,' said Joey, 'you must make me a promise.'

'What is that?'

'You must keep my secret. You must not tell your mother that you saw me first in what you called gentlemen's clothes—it might do me harm—and, indeed, it's not for my own sake I ask it. Don't say a word about my other clothes or they may ask me questions which I must not answer, for it's not my secret. I told you more this morning than I would have told any one else—I did, indeed.'

'Well,' replied the little girl, after thinking a little, 'I suppose I have no right to tell a secret, if I am begged not to do it, so I will say nothing about your clothes. But I must tell mother that I met you.'

'O, yes; tell her you met me, and that I was looking for some work, and all that, and to-morrow or next day I will let you know if I get any.'

'Will you come in now?' said Emma.

'No, not now; I must first see if I can get this employment promised for me, and then I will see you again: if I should not see you again I will not forget you, indeed I won't—Good bye.'

Emma bade him adieu, and they separated, and Joey remained and watched her till she disappeared under the porch of the entrance.

Our hero returned towards Gravesend in rather a melancholy mood; there was something so unusual in his meeting with the little girl—something so uncommon in the sympathy expressed by her—that he felt pain at parting. But it was getting late, and it was time that he kept his appointment with his friend, the sailor-boy.

Joey remained at the door of the eating-house for about a quarter of an hour, when he perceived the sailor-lad coming up the street. He went forward to meet him.

'O, here we are. Well, young fellow, I've seen the old woman, and had a long talk with her, and she won't believe there can be another

in the world like her Peter, but I persuaded her to have a look at you, and she has consented; so come along, for I must be on board again in half an hour.'

Joey followed his new friend down the street, until they came to the very door to which he had carried the bundle. The sailor-boy mounted the stairs, and turning into the room at the first landing, Joey beheld the woman whom he had assisted in the morning.

'Here he is, Mrs. Chopper, and if he won't suit you I don't know who will,' said the boy. 'He's a regular scholar, and can sum up like winkin.'

This character, given so gratuitously by his new acquaintance, made Joey stare, and the woman looked hard into Joey's face.

'Well, now,' said she, 'where have I seen you before? Dear me! and *he is* like poor Peter, as you said Jem; I vow he is.'

'I saw you before to-day,' replied Joey, 'for I carried a bundle up for you.'

'And so you did, and would have no money for your trouble. Well, Jem, he is like poor Peter.'

'I told you so, old lady; ay, and he'll just do for you as well as Peter did; but I'll leave you to settle matters, for I must be a-board.'

So saying, the lad tipped a wink to Joey, the meaning of which our hero could not understand, and went down stairs.

'Well, now, it's very odd, but you do look like poor Peter, and the more I look at you the more you are like him; poor Peter! did you hear how I lost him?'

'Yes, the sailor-lad told me this morning.'

'Poor fellow! he held on too fast, most people drown by not holding on fast enough; he was a good boy and very smart indeed; and so it was you who helped me this morning when I missed poor Peter so much? Well, it showed you had a good heart, and I love that; and where did you meet with Jim Paterson?'

'I met him first in a sloop-shop as he calls it, when I was buying my clothes.'

'Well, Jim's a wild one, but he has a good heart, and pays when he can. I've been told by those who know his parents, that he will have property bye-and-bye. Well, and what can you do? I am afraid you can't do all Peter did.'

'I can keep your accounts, and I can be honest and true to you.'

'Well, Peter could not do more; are you sure you can keep accounts, and sum up totals?'

'Yes, to be sure I can; try me.'

'Well, then, I will, here is pen, ink, and paper. Well, you are the very image of Peter, and that's a fact. Now write down, beer, 8d.; tobacco, 4d.; is that down?'

'Yes.'

'Let me see; duck for trousers, 3s. 6d.; beer, again, 4d.; tobacco, 4d.; is that down? Well, then, say beer again, 8d. Now sum that all up.'

Joey was perfect master of the task, and, as he handed over the paper announced the whole sum to amount to 5s. 10d.

'Well,' says Mrs. Chopper, 'it looks all right, but just stay here a minute while I go and speak to somebody.' Mrs. Chopper left the room, went down stairs, and took it to the bar girl at the next public house to ascertain if it was all correct.

'Yes, quite correct, Mrs. Chopper,' replied the lass.

'And is it as good as Peter's was, poor fellow?'

'Much better,' replied the girl.

'Dear me! who would have thought it!—and so like Peter, too!'

Mrs. Chopper came up stairs again, and took her seat. 'Well,' says she, 'and now what is your name?'

'Joey.'

'Joey what?'

'Joey—O'Donahue,' replied our hero, for he felt fearful of giving the name of M'Shane.

'And who are your parents?'

'They are poor people,' replied Joey, 'and live a long way off.'

'And why did you leave them?'

Joey had already made up his mind to tell his former story; 'I left there because I was accused of poaching, and they wished me to go away.'

'Poaching; yes, I understand that—killing hares and birds. Well, why did you poach?'

'Because father did.'

'O, well, I see: then if you only did what your father did, we must not blame his child; and so you come down here to go to sea?'

'If I could not do better.'

'But you shall do better, my good boy, I will try you instead of poor Peter, and if you are an honest and good careful boy, it will be much better than going to sea. Dear me! how like he is, but now I *must* call you Peter; it will make me think I have him with me, poor fellow!'

'If you please,' said Joey, who was not sorry to change his name.

'Well, then, where do you sleep to-night?'

'I did intend to ask for a bed at the house where I left my bundle.'

'Then don't do so, go for your bundle, and you shall sleep in Peter's bed, (poor fellow, his last was a watery bed, as the papers say,) and then to-morrow morning you can go off with me.'

Joey accepted the offer, went back for his bundle, and returned to Mrs. Chopper in a quarter of an hour; she was then preparing her supper, which Joey was not sorry to partake of; after which she led him into a small room, in which was a small bed without curtains; the room itself was hung round with strings of onions, papers of sweet herbs, and fitches of bacon; the floor was strewn with empty ginger-beer bottles, oakum in bags, and many other articles. Altogether the smell was anything but agreeable.

'Here is poor Peter's bed,' said Mrs. Chopper. 'I changed his sheets the night before he was drowned, poor fellow! Can I trust you to pull the candle out?'

'O, yes; I'll be very careful.'

'Then good night, boy. Do you ever say your prayers, poor Peter always did?'

'Yes, I do,' replied Joey, 'good night.'

Mrs. Chopper left the room. Joey threw open the window, for he was almost suffocated, undressed himself, put out the light, and when he had said his prayers, his thoughts naturally reverted to the little Emma, who had knelt with him on the road-side.

PART 9.

VOL. II.—CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH OUR HERO GOES ON DUTY.

At five o'clock the next morning Joey was called up by Mrs. Chopper; the waterman was in attendance, and, with the aid of Joey, carried down the various articles into the boat. When all was ready, Mrs. Chopper and Joey sat down to their breakfast, which consisted of tea, bread and butter, and red herrings; and, as soon as it was finished, they embarked, and the boat shoved off.

'Well, Mrs. Chopper,' said the waterman, 'so I perceive you've got a new hand.'

'Yes,' replied Mrs. Chopper; 'don't you think he's the moral of poor Peter?'

'Well, I don't know but there is a something about the cut of his jib which reminds me of him, now you mention it. Peter was a good boy.'

'Ay, that he was, and as sharp as a needle.—You see,' said Mrs. Chopper, turning to Joey, 'sharp's the word in the bumboat. There's many who pay, and many who don't; some I trust, and some I don't—that is, those who won't pay me old debts. We lose a bit of money at times, but it all comes round in the end; but I lose more by not booking the things taken than in any other way, for sailors do pay when they have the money—that is, if they ever come back again, poor fellows. Now, Peter.'

'What? is his name Peter, too?'

'Yes; I must call him Peter, William; he is so like poor Peter.'

'Well, that will suit me; I hate learning new names.'

'Well, but Peter,' continued Mrs. Chopper, 'you must be very careful; for, you see, I'm often called away here and there, after wash clothes and such things, and then you must look out, and if they do take up anything, why you must book it at all events. You'll learn by and by who to trust and who not to trust; for I know the most of my customers. You must not trust a woman—I mean any of the sailors' wives—unless I tell you, and you must be very sharp with them, for they play all manner of tricks; you must look two ways at once. Now, there's a girl on board the brig we are pulling to, called Nancy; why, she used to weather poor Peter, sharp as he was. She used to pretend to be very fond of him, and hug him close to her with one arm, so as to blind him, while she stole the tarts with the other; so don't admit her familiarities; if you do, I shall pay for them.'

'Then, who am I to trust?'

'Bless the child! you'll soon find out that; but mind one thing—never trust a tall, lanky sea-

man, without his name's on the books; those chaps never pay. There's the book kept by poor Peter; and you see names upon the top of each score—at least, I believe so; I have no learning myself, but I've a good memory; I can't read nor write, and that's why Peter was so useful.'

That Peter could read his own writing it is to be presumed; but certain it was that Joey could not make it out until after many days' examination, when he discovered that certain hieroglyphics were meant to represent certain articles; after which it became more easy.

They had now reached the side of the vessel, and the sailors came down into the boat, and took up several articles upon credit; Joey booked them very regularly.

'Has Bill been down yet?' said a soft voice from the gangway.

'No, Nancy, he has not.'

'Then he wants two red herrings, a sixpenny loaf, and some baccy.'

Joey looked up, and beheld a very handsome, fair, blue-eyed girl, with a most roguish look, who was hanging over the side.

'Then he must come himself, Nancy,' replied Mrs. Chopper, 'for you know the last time you took up the things, he said that you were never told to do so, and he would not pay for them.'

'That's because the fool was jealous; I lost the tobacco, Mrs. Chopper, and he said I had given it to Dick Snapper.'

'I can't help that; he must come himself.'

'But he's away in the boat, and he told me to get the things for him. Who have you there? Not Peter, no, it's not Peter; but what a dear little boy.'

'I told you so,' said Mrs. Chopper to our hero; 'now, if I wasn't in the boat, she would be down in it in a minute, and persuade you to let her have the things—and she never pays.'

Joey looked up again, and, as he looked at Nancy, felt that it would be very unkind to refuse her.

'Now, what a hard hearted old woman you are, Mrs. Chopper. Bill will come on board; and, as sure as I stand here, he'll whack me. He will pay you, you may take my word for it.'

'Your word, Nancy!' replied Mrs. Chopper, shaking her head.

'Stop a moment,' said Nancy, coming down the side, with very little regard as to showing her well-formed legs; 'stop, Mrs. Chopper, and I'll explain to you.'

'It's no use coming down, Nancy, I tell you,' replied Mrs. Chopper.

'Well, we shall see,' replied Nancy, taking her seat in the boat, and looking archly in Mrs. Chopper's face; 'the fact is, Mrs. Chopper, you don't know what a good-tempered woman you are.'

'I know, Nancy, what you are,' replied Mrs. Chopper.

'O, so does everybody; I'm nobody's enemy but my own, they say.'

'Ah! that's very true, child; more's the pity.'

'Now, I didn't come down to wheedle you out of anything, Mrs. Chopper, but mostly to talk to you, and look at this pretty boy.'

'There you go, Nancy; but an't he like Peter?'

'Well, and so he is! very like Peter; he has Peter's eyes and his nose, and his mouth is exactly Peter's—how very strange!'

'I never see'd such a likeness!' exclaimed Mrs. Chopper.

'No, indeed,' replied Nancy, who, by agreeing with Mrs. Chopper in all she said, and praising Joey, and his likeness to Peter, at last quite came over the old bumboat woman; and Nancy quitted her boat with the two herrings, the loaf, and the paper of tobacco.

'Shall I put them down, Mrs. Chopper?' said Joey.

'Oh, dear!' replied Mrs. Chopper, coming to her recollection, 'I'm afraid that it's no use; but put them down, any how; they will do for bad debts. Shove off, William, we must go to the large ship now.'

'I do wish that that Nancy was at any other port,' exclaimed Mrs. Chopper, as they quitted the vessel's side; 'I do lose so much money by her.'

'Well,' said the waterman, laughing, 'you're not the only one; she can wheedle man or woman, or as they say, the devil to boot, if she would try.'

During the whole of the day the wherry proceeded from ship to ship, supplying necessities; in many instances they were paid for in ready-money, in others Joey's capabilities were required, and they were booked down against the customers. At last, about five o'clock in the evening, the beer barrel being empty, most of the contents of the baskets nearly exhausted, and the wherry loaded with the linen for the wash, biscuits, empty bottles, and various other articles of traffic or exchange, Mrs. Chopper ordered William, the waterman, to pull on shore to the landing place.

As soon as the baskets and other articles had been carried up to the house, Mrs. Chopper sent out for the dinner, which was regularly obtained from a cook's shop. Joey sat down with her, and when his meal was finished, Mrs. Chopper told him he might take a run and stretch his legs a little if he pleased, while she tended to the linen which was to go to the wash. Joey was not sorry to take advantage of this considerate permission, for his legs were quite cramped from sitting so long jammed up between baskets of eggs, red herrings, and the other comestibles which had encompassed him.

We must now introduce Mrs. Chopper to the reader a little ceremoniously. She was the widow of a boatswain who had set her up in the bumboat business, with some money he had acquired a short time before his death, and she had continued it ever since on her own account.—People said that she was rich, but riches are comparative, and if a person in a seaport town, and in her situation, could show £200 or £300 at her banker's, she was considered rich. If she was rich in nothing else, she certainly was in bad and doubtful debts, having seven or eight books like that which Joey was filling up for her during the whole day, all containing accounts of long standing, and most of which would proba-

bly stand for ever; but if the bad debts were many, the profits were in proportion; and what with the long standing debts being occasionally paid, the ready money she continually received, and the profitable traffic which she made in the way of exchange, &c., she appeared to do a thriving business, although it is certain the one-half of her goods were as much given away as were the articles obtained from her in the morning by Nancy.

It is a question whether these books of bad debts were not a source of enjoyment to her, for every night she would take one of the books down, and although she could not read, yet, by having them continually read to her, and knowing the pages so exactly, she could almost repeat every line which the various bills contained; and then there was always a story which she had to tell about each—something relative to the party of whom the transaction reminded her; and subsequently, when Joey was fairly domiciled with her, she would make him hand down one of the books, and talk away from it for hours; they were the ledgers of her reminiscences; the events of a considerable portion of her life were all entered down along with the bacey, porter, pipes and red herrings; a bill for these articles was, to her, time, place, and circumstance; and what with a good memory, and bad debts to assist it, many were the hours which were passed away—and pleasantly enough, too, for one liked to talk and the other to listen—between Mrs. Chopper and our little hero. But we must not anticipate.

The permission given to Joey to stretch his legs induced him to set off as fast as he could to gain the high road before his little friend, Emma Philips, had left school. He sat down in the same place, waiting for her coming. The spot had become hallowed to the poor fellow—for he had there met with a friend—with one who sympathised with him when he most required consolation. He now felt happy, for he was no longer in doubt about obtaining a livelihood, and his first wish was to impart the pleasing intelligence to his little friend. She was not long before she made her appearance in her little straw bonnet and blue ribbons. Joey started up, and informed her that he had got a very nice place, explained to her what it was, and how he had been employed during the day.

'And I can very often come out about this time, I think,' added Joey, 'and then I can walk home with you and see that you come to no harm.'

'But,' replied the little girl, 'my mother says that she would like to see you, as she will not allow me to make acquaintance with people I meet by accident. Don't you think that mother is right?'

'Yes, I do; she is very right,' replied Joey; 'I didn't think of that.'

'Will you come and see her, then?'

'Not now, because I am not very clean. I'll come on Sunday if I can get leave.'

They separated, and Joey returned back to the town. As he walked on, he thought he would spend the money he had got in a suit of

Sunday clothes of a better quality than those he had on, the materials of which were very coarse. On second thoughts he resolved to apply to Mrs. Chopper, as he did not exactly know where to go for them, and was afraid that he would be imposed upon.

'Well, Peter,' said his new mistress, 'do you feel better for your walk?'

'Yes, thank you, ma'am.'

'Peter,' continued Mrs. Chopper, 'you appear to be a very handy, good boy, and I hope we shall live together a long while. How long have you been at sea?'

'I was going to sea, I have never been to sea yet, and I don't want to go; I would rather go with you.'

'And so you shall, that's a settled thing. What clothes have you got, Peter?'

'I have none but what I stand in, and a few shirts in a bundle, and they are Sunday ones; but when I left home I had some money given me, and I wish to buy a suit of clothes for Sunday, to go to church in.'

'That's a good boy, and so you shall; but how much money have you got?'

'Quite enough to buy a suit of clothes,' replied Joey, handing out two sovereigns, and seventeen shillings in silver.

'O, I suppose they gave you all that to fit you out with when you left home; poor people, I dare say they worked hard for it. Well, I don't think the money will be of any use to you; so you had better buy a Sunday suit, and I will take care you want for nothing afterwards.—Don't you think I'm right?'

'Yes, I wish to do so. To-day is Tuesday, I may have them made by next Sunday.'

'So you can; and as soon as William comes in, which he will soon, from the washerwoman's, we will go out and order them. Here he comes up the stairs—no, that foot's too light for his.—Well, it's Nancy, I declare! Why, Nancy, now,' continued Mrs. Chopper, in a deprecating tone, 'what do you want here?'

'Well, I leave you to guess,' replied Nancy, looking very demurely, and taking a seat upon a hamper.

'Guess; I fear there's no guess in it Nancy; but I will not—now it's no use—I will not trust another shilling.'

'But I know you will, Mrs. Chopper. Lord love you, you're such a good-natured creature, you can't refuse any one, and certainly not me. Why don't you take me with you in your boat as your assistant? then there would be something in it worth looking at. I should bring you plenty of custom.'

'You're too wild, Nancy, too wild, girl; but now, what do you take me? recollect, you've already had some things to-day.'

'I know I have, and you're a good-natured old tramp, that you are. Now, I'll tell you—gold must pass between us this time.'

'Mercy on me, Nancy! why, you're mad.—I've no gold—nothing but bad debts.'

'Look you, Mrs. Chopper, look at this shabby old bonnet of mine. Don't I want a new one?'

'Then you must get somebody else to give you

money, Nancy,' replied Mrs. Chopper, coolly, and decidedly.

'Don't talk so fast, Mrs. Chopper; now, I'll let you know how it is. When Bill came on board, he asked the captain for an advance; the captain refused him before, but this time he was in a good humor, and he consented. So then I coaxed Bill out of a sovereign to buy a new bonnet, and he gave it me, and then I thought what a kind soul you were, and I resolved that I would bring you the sovereign, and go without the new bonnet; so here it is, take it quick, or I shall repent.'

'Well, Nancy,' said Mrs. Chopper, 'you said right; gold has passed between us, and I am surprised. Now I shall trust you again.'

'And so you ought, it's not every pretty girl like me who will give up a new bonnet. Only look what a rubbishy affair this is,' continued Nancy, giving her own a kick up in the air.

'I wish I had a sovereign to give away,' said Joey to Mrs. Chopper; 'I wish I had not said a word about the clothes.'

'Do as you like with your own money, my dear,' said the bumboat woman.

'There, Nancy, I'll give you a sovereign to buy yourself a new bonnet with,' said Joey, taking one out of his pocket, and putting it into her hand.

Nancy looked at the sovereign, and then at Joey. 'Bless the boy!' said she, at last, kissing him on the forehead; 'he has a kind heart; may the world use him better than it has me! Here, take your sovereign, child; my bonnet's good enough for one like me.' So saying Nancy turned hastily away, and ran down stairs.

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH MRS. CHOPPER READS HER LEDGER.

'Ah, poor girl!' said Mrs. Chopper, with a sigh, as Nancy disappeared. 'You are a good boy, Peter; I like to see boys not too fond of money, and if she had taken it (and I wish she had, poor thing) I would have made it up to you.'

'Is the man she calls Bill her husband?' inquired Joey.

'O, I know nothing about other people's husbands,' replied Mrs. Chopper, hastily. 'Now, then, let us go and order the clothes, and then you'll be able to go to church on Sunday; I will do without you.'

'What, won't you go to church?'

'Bless you, child! who is to give the poor men their breakfast and their beer? a bumboat woman can't go to church any more than a baker's man, for people must eat on a Sunday. Church, like every thing else in this world, appears to me only to be made for the rich; I always take my bible in the boat with me on Sunday, but then I can't read it, so it's of no great use. No, dear, I can't go to church, but I can contrive, if it don't rain in the evening, to go to meeting and hear a little of the word; but you can go to church, dear.'

A suit of blue cloth, made in sailor's fashion, having been ordered by Mrs. Chopper, she and Joey returned home; and, after their tea, Mrs. Chopper desired Joey to hand her one of the account books, which she put upon her knees and opened.

'There,' said she, looking at the page, 'I know that account well; it was Tom Alsop's—a fine fellow he was, only he made such a bad marriage; his wife was a very fiend, and the poor fellow loved her, which was worse. One day he missed her, and found she was on board another vessel; and he came on shore distracted like, and got very tipsy, as sailors always do when they're in trouble, and he went down to the wharf, and his body was picked up the next day.'

'Did he drown himself?'

'Yes, so people think, Peter, and he owed me £13s. 4d., if I recollect right. Arn't that the figure, Peter?'

'Yes, ma'am,' replied Joey, 'that's the sum total of the account exactly.'

'Poor fellow!' continued Mrs. Chopper with a sigh, 'he went to his long account without paying me my short one. Never mind; I wish he was alive, and twice as much in my debt.—There's another, I recollect that well, Peter, for it's a proof that sailors are honest, and I do believe that, if they don't pay, it's more from thoughtlessness than any thing else; and then the women coax all their money from them, for sailors don't care for money when they do get it, and then those Jews are such shocking fellows; but look you, Peter, this is almost the first bill run up after I took up the business; he was a nice fair-haired lad from Shields, and the boy was cast away, and he was picked up by another vessel and brought here, and I let him have things, and lent him money to the amount of a matter of £20, and he said he would save all and pay me, and he sailed away again, and I never heard of him for nine years. I thought that he was drowned, or that he was not an honest lad; I didn't know which, and it was a deal of money to lose; but I gave it up, when one day a tall, stout fellow, with great red whiskers, called upon me, and said, 'Do you know me?'

'No,' said I, half frightened; 'how should I know you? I never see'd you before.'

'Yes, you do,' says he, 'and here's a proof of it; and he put down on the table a lot of money, and said, 'Now, missus, help yourself; better late than never. I'm Jim Sparling, who was cast away, whom you were as good as a mother to; but I've never been able to get leave to come and see you since. I'm boatswain's mate of a man-of-war, and have just received my pay, and now I've come to pay my debts.'

'He would make me take £5 more than his bill to buy a new silk gown, for his sake; poor fellow! he's dead now. Here's another, that was run up by one of your tall, lanky sailors, who wear their knives in a sheath, and not with a lanyard round their waists; those fellows never pay, but they swear dreadfully. Let me see, what can this one be? Read it, Peter; how much is it?'

'£4 2s. 4d.,' replied our hero.

'Yes, yes, I recollect now, it was the Dutch skipper; there's murder in that bill Peter; it was things I supplied to him just before he sailed, and an old man was passenger in the cabin; he was a very rich man, although he pretended to be poor; he was a diamond merchant they say, and as soon as they were at sea, the Dutch captain murdered him in the night, and threw him out of the cabin window; but one of the sailors saw the deed done, and he was taken up at Amsterdam and had his head cut off. The crew told us when the galliot came back with a new captain. So the Dutch skipper paid the forfeit of his crime; he paid my bill, too, that's certain. 'O, deary me,' continued the old lady, turning to another page. 'I shan't forget this in a hurry; I never see poor Nancy now without recollecting it. Look, Peter; I know the sum—4s. 6d. exactly; it was the things taken up when Tom Freelove married Nancy; it was the wedding dinner and supper.'

'What, Nancy who was here just now?'

'Yes, that Nancy, and a sweet modest young creature she was then, had been well brought up too; she could read and write beautifully, and subscribed to a circulating library, they say.—She was the daughter of a baker in this town. I recollect it well; such a fine day it was when they went to church, she looking so handsome in her new ribbons and smart dress, and he such a fine-looking young man. I never see'd such a handsome young couple; but he was a bad one, and so it all ended in misery.'

'Tell me how,' said Joey.

'I'll tell you all you ought to know, boy; you are too young to be told all the wickedness of this world. Her husband treated her very ill; before he had been married a month, he left her and went about with other people, and was always drunk, and she became jealous and distracted, and he beat her cruelly and deserted her, and then, to comfort her, people would persuade her to keep her spirits up, and gave her something to drink, and by degrees she became fond of it. Her husband was killed by a fall from the mast head, and she loved him still, and took more to liquor, and that was her ruin. She don't drink now, because she don't feel as she used to do; she cares about nothing; she is much to be pitied, poor thing, for she's still young and very pretty. It's only four years ago when I saw her come out of church, and thought what a happy couple they would be.'

'Where are her father and mother?'

'Both dead; don't let us talk about it any more; it's bad enough when a man drinks, but if a woman takes to it, it's all over with her, but some people's feelings are so strong that they fly to it directly to drown care and misery. Put up the book, Peter; I can't look at it any more to-night; we'll go to bed.'

Joey every day gave more satisfaction to his employer, and, upon his own responsibility, allowed his friend, the sailor lad, to open an account as soon as his money was all gone. Finding that the vessel was going up the river to

load, Joey determined to write a few lines to the M'Shanes, to allay the uneasiness which he knew his absence must have occasioned, Jim Paterson promising to put the letter in the post as soon as he arrived at London.

Our hero simply said, 'My dear sir, I am quite well, and have found employment, so pray do not grieve about me, as I never shall forget your kindness. Joey M'Shane.'

On the following Sunday, Joey was dressed in his sailor's suit, and looked very well in it.—He was not only a very good-looking but a gentlemanlike boy in his manners. He went to church, and after church, he walked out to the abode of his little friend, Emma Philips. She ran out to meet him, was delighted with his new clothes and took him by the hand to present him to her mother. Mrs. Philips was a quiet looking, pleasing woman, and the old lady was of a very venerable appearance. They made many inquiries about his friends, and Joey continued in the same story, that he and his father had been poachers, that he had been discovered

and obliged to go away, and that he went with the consent of his parents. They were satisfied with his replies, and prepossessed in his favor; and as Joey was so patronised by her little daughter, he was desired to renew his visits, which he occasionally did on Sundays, but preferred meeting Emma on the road from school, and the two children (if Joey could be called a child) became very intimate, and felt annoyed if they did not every day exchange a few words. Thus passed the first six months of Joey's new life; the winter was cold and the water rough, and he blew his fingers, while Mrs. Chopper folded her arms up in her apron; but he had always a good dinner and a warm bed after the day's work was over. He became a great favorite with Mrs. Chopper, who at last admitted that he was much more useful than even Peter; and William, the waterman, declared that such was really the case, and that he was, in his opinion, worth two of the former Peter, who had come to such an untimely end.

[Contributed to the Boston Notion.]

THE AGE OF POWDER

BY J. E. DOW.

Bellona was an ancient Maid
Who gloried in a battle,
She set on foot the sulphur trade,
And made the bullets rattle.
Around her bloody chariot slept
Her warriors stiff and gory;
And widows for their husbands wept,
And poets told their story.

II.
Her ruthless fingers tore the world
Like oyster shells asunder;
She ruined Ilium for a girl,
And Carthage for a blunder,
Grim Caesar at her bidding died,
And Brutus preached his sermon,
Ere Mistress Rome in all her pride
Was rifled by the German.

III.
Her first attempt was with the gods
Who lived on windy neetar,
She threw at Mars a mount of sods
And backed her bully Hector;
She caused old Jupiter to rave,
And Juno to be jealous,
And made Æolus from his cave
Bring out his mighty bellows.

IV.
But one would think in later days
The vixen would be quiet,
Since Emmons wrote his *soothing* lays

And Graham ruled our diet;
While Batchelor his Essay reads
Upon a peace of Nations,
And Mrs. General G—— succeeds
Her husband's lucubrations.

V.
But no, the world around is full,
Of crackers, squibs and thunder,
And round the globe goes Johnny Bull,
For glory and for plunder;
In China now he shows his horns,
And ravages old Jewry,
He tramples on the Pacha's corns,
And bellows forth his fury.

VI.
And every day new rumor brings
Of wars and desolation;
Of steamers, ships and other things
To overturn our nation.
And one would fashion wooden towers—
A very *prince of dreamers*—
Whence balls red hot could roll in showers
Upon the English steamers.

VII.
But wooden towers will tumble down,
Or burn amid the battle,
And then good bye to every town
That hears the bullets rattle.
Beside, the shot if thrown so far,
Will stand a chance of cooling,

And then the danger of a jar—
Why zounds, the fellow's fooling.

VIII.

The next quintessence of his pate,
Will be to put in motion,
A war balloon to navigate
The Atmospheric ocean;
With Espy for a pilot sage,
And Chaubert for a colonel;
With Locke to write the storied page
Of the celestial Journal.

IX.

Then men might well exclaim with pride
"A fig for England's navy,"
Her captains by the Tamur's side
Would die with gout and gravity;
Her meteor flag would float in shame
Above a Dock-yard hurdle;
And Britain's glory be a name
To grace a woman's girdle.

X.

But pleasantry,—a truce to thee,
There is a way to save us,
A way to keep our nation free,
And hold what nature gave us.
It is to let our forests stand,
Our hot shot in the heater,
And bid our Military band
Monopolize Salt-Petre.

[Contributed to the Boston Notion.]

THE OLDEN TIME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Brothers"—"Cromwell"—"Ringwood the Rover," &c.

Oh for the time—the olden time—
When earth was in its youthful prime—
The time of truth and glory!—
When men were men of manly mould,
Ere faith was bought, and friendship sold,
And honor but a name for gold,
And love a minstrel's story!—
When smiles were worn to welcome friends,
And frowns for open foes—
And smiles and frowns had honest ends,
Zeal, faith, and lusty blows!
When words but spoke the bosom's truth,
And hands avouched that words were sooth;
And men were weighed, as they were worth,
For gallant deeds, and generous birth,
Wit, virtue, valor, fame!—
For these nor garb the limbs might wear,
Nor glittering trash the pouches bear,
Gave honor, place, or name!
All in the time—the olden time—

XI.

Oh, such a plan would suit all round—
The peace-men and the Quakers—
'Twould save to Maine her border ground,
And help the undertakers.
For then a man would die at home,
Like honest old Von Thiller,
And the Millenium would come,
As prophecied by Miller.

XII.

This sulphur has a horrid smell,
And Nitre hurts digestion,
A Battle is a 'bagatelle'
In arguing a question.
For truth in spite of mangled forms
Of terror, death and glory,
Will trample over human storms,
And tell her simple story.

XIII.

Then let the Devil broth of kings,
In senseless fury bubble,
We need not burn our Eagle's wings,
In searching after trouble.
But should we smell the sulphur's breath,
And arm, for battle giving,—
Our fathers sleep in glorious death,
Our bus'ness's with the living.

When earth was in its youthful prime—
The time of truth and glory!

Then slavish bearing marked the slave,
And none were noble but the brave,
None louted to the golden knave,
With pedigree in purse!
Then honest merit stood is high,
Although his weeds were sere,
And bore his head as near the sky,
As Paladin or Peer.
The proudest Prince, the sword who drew,
When trumpets rang, and splinters flew,
Shields brake, and red blood ran,
Dared not—though daring was his trade—
To wrong by word unproved by blade—
The meanest gentleman!
The poet's place was honored then,
The fount of glory was his pen,
His scorn the deepest curse!

Then courtesy was nigh to state;
 And none so gentle as the great,
 So humble as the high!—
 And wealth was vile that decked the rude,
 And gold was prized but for the good
 Its owner did thereby.
 All in the time—the olden time—
 When earth was in its youthful prime—
 The time of truth and glory!

Then ladies' love was merit's meed,
 And sought in truth, and wooed indeed—
 For it was worth the wooing,
 When none might hope to prosper there,
 By costly garb, or courtly air,
 Unless his heart were right—
 When hearts were only proved by trial,
 And constancy by stern denial,
 And courage but by fight!
 When to have failed the weak to aid—
 When to have wronged the humblest maid—
 To have hedged one pace from truth aside—
 One pace from war's most deadly tide—
 Had been a king's undoing!—
 When every wish, that half-expressed
 Faint faltered from the maiden's breast
 Who, safe as diamond wrapt in flame,
 Preserved her honor's purity,
 Was law to every knightly crest—
 Although a queen's supreme behest,
 Were but one blot upon her fame,
 Had passed unheeded by,
 All in the time—the olden time—
 When earth was in its youthful prime—
 The time of truth and glory!

Then happy was the peasant's hut—
 The squire's hall door was never shut,
 Nor yet his buttery hatch—
 And when the Christmas chimes rang out,
 Though wild the wintry storms did shout,
 The yeoman sent the ale about,
 Beneath his roof of thatch.
 His step was firm, his bearing bold,
 His heart, of the good English mould,
 Changed not for force or fear!—
 No slave was he, in the olden day—
 Yet dared his parents to obey,
 His betters to revere!—
 For though he could not pen a line,
 Nor knew to read the book divine,
 Nor clerically hymns to sing,
 The churchward path he wearily trod—
 His soul was faithful to his God,
 And loyal to his King!—
 No brawling demagogues had then
 Poured poison in the ears of men,
 And filled their souls with gall—
 The laborer by his evening cheer
 Envied not, hated not the peer,
 In his ancestral hall—

But rich and poor were neighbors good,
 And dreamed not, in their happy mood,
 Nature had made them foes—
 For side by side in sport they stood,
 And side by side lay in their blood,
 When Briton's war-cry rose,
 All in the time—the olden time—
 When earth was in its youthful prime—
 The time of truth and glory!

How honesty is nothing worth;
 And honor nothing high;
 For sordid gold commands the earth,
 If it have not won the sky.
 The meanest wretch that wakes at dawn
 To lie, to falter, and to fawn,
 Give him but wealth enough—
 And how shall virtue, birth, or name,
 Service, desert, wit, wisdom, fame,
 Match with his gilded slough?—
 For he shall cringe before the proud,
 Flatter the rank ignoble crowd,
 With false devices fair,
 'Till he hath won his way to state,
 And sit triumphant and elate,
 Where heroes might despair.
 And beauty is no more the meed
 Of generous worth, or gallant deed,
 Of truth or constancy,—
 But ladies weigh the purse's length,
 Against affection's holiest strength,
 Virtue and lineage high!—
 Fair form, young spirit, soul of fire,
 All that enamored maids desire,
 May sue in vain and sigh—
 When wrinkled old prefers its claim,
 Of loveless wedlock linked to shame—
 So gold be there to buy!
 The noble wastes his high estate—
 The peasant shivers at his gate,
 With curses deep and low—
 For evil tongues have marred the scene,
 That gladdened every village green,
 Three hundred years ago!—
 The prince's state is sullen pride—
 The church's right is now denied—
 Country and king forsworn—
 The low, if lowly now, are slaves—
 Vile from their cradles to their graves—
 The brawling liberal's scorn!—
 New world, alas! where all is strange,
 Uncertain, dark, and full of change,
 And nought preserves its name!
 That men may doubt from all around,
 Since nothing now is constant found,
 If heaven be still the same!
 Oh for the time—the olden time—
 When earth was in its youthful prime,
 The time of truth and glory!
 Oh for the time—the olden time—
 That now but lives in story!

A SERMON, DELIVERED ON SUNDAY, APRIL 18th.

BY REV. GEORGE WHITNEY,

OF JAMAICA PLAIN, ON OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF

PRESIDENT HARRISON.

NUMBERS, 16 CH. 29 vs.

— "THESE MEN DIE THE COMMON DEATH OF ALL MEN."

Since last I addressed you, my friends, from this place of our solemnities, an unusual bereavement has passed over our land. Disease and death have been unitedly busy, and rapidly successful in closing the earthly career of one, on whom the world had nothing higher among its honors to bestow. He, whom this great people, in numbers before unprecedented in our history, had chosen to stand at the head of its affairs, has suddenly bowed, as in the words of the text, to the common lot, and passed where sovereign and subject lie down together—their empty distinctions no longer known. He had been summoned to fill an exalted station and invested with the forms of earthly power, but they all afforded no immunity against the universal decree. He has died the common death of all men. He has fallen, too, in the morning of his work, while as yet the harness had hardly all been girded on. The sanguine hopes of friends and the waiting expectations of all have been blasted in an hour. A deep solemnity and an honorable sympathy pervade all classes and parties throughout our wide spread borders. There is a melancholy and overwhelming sense of a great and common loss.

As becomes a Christian patriot, I would turn this afflictive providence to some edifying account. I should degrade myself in my own eyes if I could be persuaded to speak of him any the sooner or the more tardily because of this party or that. He was of the noble party of good men and that is enough for me. I have no anxiety either to bespeak the patient audience of any one. I am sure of all I can desire from every right mind and every generous heart. It is an hour when honest differences lose all the prominence they may once have possessed, in a theme of deeper import—as fading stars die out before the opening day. There is a power, too in the grave, which buries up, for the most part

all antipathies, and leads us to a calmer justice towards those whose memories it is soothing to us to guard: Nay more, even our well grounded preferences shrink away and give place to tender and charitable emotions, when death has arrested one in his race and summoned a kindred spirit to the presence of his God.

But, more than this, there were circumstances which tended to make the loss we are deploring more than usually affecting. It is an unwonted spectacle to see youthful faces saddened and tears in the eyes of grown men at the departure of any public servant. It has not been easy for us to divest the mind of the impression that a void has been made in the household circle. This, I think, has been to an extraordinary degree the general sentiment. Men have felt as if one had been suddenly smitten down, with whom they have been long familiar—a friend and not a stranger—an acquaintance and not a public functionary. This has been owing, in part, to the character of the man as far as it was known, having those traits preeminent which bind human sympathies with them; partly also, and to a much wider extent, I suppose, to that universal enthusiasm which manifested itself in an endless variety of forms, making his name familiar to us like a household word, and which so recently bore him up from his comparative poverty and retirement to the high station he filled, in the striking language of one, who had himself been seated there, as upon the wings of a "whirlwind."

Furthermore, the event before us has presented another feature already alluded to, always touching to the heart and full of solemn admonition to every thoughtful mind. Only a single month had passed, the waxing and waning of a single moon from the day of his elevation to the day of his death. Sudden and melancholy was the transition from the hour, when myriads

were doing him glad homage, to the feeble one, appointed to us all, when none could be found strong enough to afford him help. The robes of office and the winding sheet seemed to have been brought in together. The public congratulations of the ceremonial hall had hardly subsided to give repose to the chamber of death. The sounds of rejoicing seemed still to be lingering round its doors, while flesh and heart were failing. The chariot of state and the funeral car with its nodding plumes, we might almost fancy them one behind the other. Between triumphant joy and solemn woe, there was scarcely an intermediate scene. It was as when the hopeful are summoned to the bridal, and the burial is substituted in its place. It would be vain to attempt to portray the bereaved feelings of those before whom it immediately passed. But the emotions the event has excited have in a measure pervaded the community. The sudden transition has added to the task of sympathising with the general feeling, and at the same time, avoiding the danger of exaggeration. If I may but succeed in some humble approach to this difficult line by a few brief touches of his character, as to me it has appeared, with such reflections as may arise upon them, it will be all I ought to hope, and more than I can reasonably expect to accomplish in the present discourse. I shall feel at least, that mine has been well meant among worthier eulogies.

It is a cheering reflection that, for vastly the larger portion even of what may be termed the important stations of society, great talents or genius, or a capacious intellect are, as leading objects, neither necessary nor desirable. There is that which is better than them all. Strikingly in keeping with this, are the distributions of divine Providence. Take a large city, and how few comparatively are they, who stand out from the rest as great men in the popular acceptance of the term. Moreover, wherever those gifts are bestowed, which ensure remarkable preeminence, they are not unfrequently found in most unfortunate contrast with some great deficiency, as in Lord Bacon, for example, gigantic in intellect, but dwarfish in conscience. Among many others, there is in the world, this mistaken notion of what constitutes true greatness. It is associated indispensably with power surprisingly efficient, and like a sudden thunderbolt, startling; supposed capable also of accomplish-

ing astonishing results in every department, and on all occasions. If I am right in the estimate I have formed of his character, he whose loss the country now deplores was not a great man in any of the popular acceptations of the term, more especially in this. His powers were not such as startle and impress, but rather those more solid qualities that wear well. His character is to be ranked in that class, of which the Father of our country was the great model among ourselves, if not among all men that ever lived. It was most remarkable for its even balance and for the rightful supremacy of all the higher elements:—a kind of greatness to which the popular voice is slowest to do justice. Its great beauty was its harmony. He had little about him, if indeed, he was not wholly destitute of anything, prominent or disjointed. There was no preponderance of love of power: no greedy covetousness of gain; no empty ambition for a name. We find him little varying in every station—the same man in them all; equally at home where his somewhat varied fortunes cast him,—in battles, where I think, neither his taste nor his nature led him to act; among the wild tribes of the wilderness who regarded him as a friend; in the new kingdoms of the south; in the councils of the nation, or in the quiet retreats of domestic life, and the unpretending, useful services, from which he was called to be a ruler.

He was not peculiarly endowed with the philosophic element. Nevertheless, though he might not be consulted as a philosopher, he would be the first to be confided in for his discretion. He had that clear good sense which oftentimes sees more surely even than the highest philosophy. Though he might not electrify and charm us with that brilliancy of mind, the gift of some, he would seldom lead us to lament that he had erred in judgment, and never that he had been betrayed by passion. Multitudes might pass him by fascinated by no glittering attractions, but they, who lingered long enough to see his worth, would feel reluctant to depart. Little occasion would he ever furnish an enemy, if any such he had, for accusation against him; certainly little in imprudence or folly, and still less in any moral delinquency. Is not this the better kind of greatness? So far as character alone is concerned, is it not that which best fills and honors every public station?

This man, whom the people had set over them,

remarkable as he was, in the general view of his character, for an even and well balanced one, had nevertheless, two or three leading points among the higher qualities, which we may cursorily notice. As striking as any, perhaps, was his sense of justice. I should be slow to ascribe to him, as a characteristic trait, either warmth of character, or ardor of temperament. But the sight of a wrong practised either upon others or himself, and much more any inducement to perpetrate such an act, or the suspicion of having committed it, would be likely sometimes to be mistaken for both. He was not the one to stand calm and unmoved in such emergencies. That, which had so firm a seat within, would show itself in the kindling eye and the warm glow of indignation. On ordinary occasions its natural expression would be seen in the absence of hasty decisions, and a calm and patient manner. It would then beget reliance. We have good assurance that this was so. I understand it to have been the first impression with which, upon a personal interview, a stranger was sure to be inspired. You would feel yourself in the presence of one from whom no wrong would be feared or suspected. This influence can never be assumed. It must be in the man. It can never be put on. We could no more be made to feel the same security in the presence of Nero or Napoleon, by any purpose of theirs, than by any efforts of our own we could transform them into angels of light. I repeat it, it must be in the man. It is enough to know that this influence was shed around him, to be assured that the element existed in him of whom we are speaking. It created confidence. It bound others to him. It made him the unsullied man he was. It set him above reproach. It raised his integrity beyond suspicion. All fair men among his opponents have acknowledged that he was an honest man. With him a trust would be safe as far as he could know how to fulfil it. He could look with no complacency upon any wrong. The highest would not escape censure were it deserved, and the meanest would lose no right it was his to claim. I err greatly if this was not a strong feature in the character of him whom we lament;—and a fitting trait it was for one whom the people had led up so high.

Close by this, and well associated with it was a hearty good will for his fellow-men. He stood within the circle of human sympathies. His

benevolence was active and influential. What is recorded of his public acts and his spoken words, with all that has escaped of the gentleness and kindness of his private life leave us no room to doubt this. Moreover it seems to have been a part of himself. It was the spontaneous acting out of his nature—whether in power or out of it, commanding others or serving them—the persuasion that he was one of his race. He never parted with the feeling that he was a man. With many this is only a conviction or a recollection. With him, if I interpret him right, it was different. He was benevolent almost from necessity: it was his pleasure and natural life. He could not be otherwise but by doing violence to himself. Nothing humble or erring could exclude one from a share in his benevolent regards. It tinged his whole character, and, I may add, gave beauty to the whole. It took off the coldness and severity which, without this, sometimes encircle the man of incorruptible integrity, like a freezing atmosphere, and chill us as we would draw nigh. It gave that suavity and tenderness to his character. Oh! how much missed in the home that is now desolate, the suavity and tenderness which we are told was such a charm. It blunted the edge of a command and turned it into a persuasion. It spoke welcome and fellowship in the beaming eye, and the light of the face in anticipation of the tongue. And it was an affecting testimony to the trait which had been manifested before them, but a few days before, that on the morning before his death they gathered up in the market-place, with swimming eyes and eager inquiries, sorrowing lest they should see his face no more.

There is yet one other point, to which it would be wrong in us not to advert—a trait, if not before all, certainly behind none. The want of enthusiasm and the absence of ardor, might by some, be misconstrued here, as in other parts of his character, and be thought to preclude the possibility of deep religious feeling. But if we may judge from his life it was not so. He was a devout man. He walked with God. He adorned his life with the beauty of holiness. He who ponders his character, as displayed through eventful and trying scenes, will not find that he was the one to dissemble in anything. What he seemed, he was. He put on nothing for effect. And although we should make but little

account of the fact, for the spirit is the essential, and not the form, yet when it is related of him that he worshipped his Maker on his knees, we understand it to be the natural expression of the deep sentiment of his heart—the natural posture which his soul required for the reverential homage of his Maker. It is likewise a striking incident related among the peculiarly affecting circumstances attending his public obsequies that the funeral service, over his lifeless remains, was in part read from a copy of the Holy Scriptures he had purchased as his guide and oracle, when he first entered his new and responsible sphere of action. Both may seem a curious coincidence; on the latter only I would remark. In itself, indeed, it may to some appear but a simple and natural act. But it speaks volumes for the deep reverence with which that best of books had been regarded. It discloses to the accurate observer, as the thin smoke points the wind when no breath seems stirring, in what direction his tendencies moved him.

In analyzing his character, as portrayed to us by his conduct in the stations he had filled, together with what is left to us in public documents and speeches, and the testimony of those who had enjoyed his society, these seem to me to have been the leading traits in the character of our departed chief. If in intellect he was not startling or dazzling, he certainly was far more than ordinarily endowed. If not great in the world's estimate of greatness, that must undeniably be conceded to him, which results from powers well balanced and controlled. In this he was great. In every just sense he was good. Superior elements ever took the lead in his character. His long and successful services among the Indian tribes were enough alone to confirm this. No human being could deal with those most savage and selfish forms of humanity through such protracted periods, and to such happy issues—every influence perpetually exerted to draw out all that was selfish in himself—but by kindness and justice, and other elevating influences. He illustrated beautifully the power of moral over brute force. In this respect he resembled Penn., of whom it is recorded that he made a treaty with those wild sons of the wilderness which lasted seventy years—"the only one," says Voltaire, "ever concluded between savages and christians, that was not ratified by an oath, the only one that never was broken."

His independence was manly and straightforward; tempered meanwhile with that same suavity, which threw a rosy coloring round all he did and said. With no fear for the mightiest, he could not wound or wrong the meanest.—The fortunes of his life had thrown him into the camp and on the battle-field. But he was not made for a warrior, as warriors usually have been; and I think all the better of him that he was not. He had not enough of the contentious and destructive spirit for that. Nevertheless his high moral sentiments led him always to act bravely and well, however repugnant the task might be to his nature or taste. Of one thing I am sure; he would have made a poor military man if called to fight a battle in an unjust cause. It has been said as a marked feature in the character of him who was "first in war" as in peace, that his retreats were as remarkable as his successful engagements; showing the element of mercy ever vigilant to protect his soldiers. It was the predominance of the same trait, which must have robbed the battle-field of every charm in the eyes of him, who followed him in his last elevated station. Yet this very peculiarity only rendered him the more fit to fill it well. He had been made to shine best in the councils of State and the civilian's chair.

As to his intercourse with others, he could little sympathise with the remark of the wily Talleyrand, that "God seemed to have given us the power not to express but to conceal our thoughts." His natural frankness and openness, both of which were conspicuous, might possibly have been deemed inconsistent with the character of an eminent and successful statesman. I know not but as the intrigues of courts and their artful policy may, in the past history of the world, have been managed, it might have been so. But I have yet to learn that such crystal traits as these can be any impediment towards forming a good and virtuous one. Let us believe, rather, that if we are to consider political life as only capable of being pursued successfully by artifice, stratagem and concealment, we have not yet discovered its rightful paths; and that we have no claim as yet to be enrolled as the worthy servants of men till we have first become the true-hearted and faithful servants of God.

To the removal of such a character,—let me hope I may not have departed from the truth of

it—it is not easy at any time to be indifferent. Occurring as it has, it has seemed to render more mournful, if not to magnify the loss.—Nevertheless, let us beware lest we look at the divine appointments only through our own sorrows. “It is related as a singular felicity”—I borrow from another the beautiful description of a record of history—“it is related as a singular felicity of the great philosopher Plato, that he died at a good old age at a banquet, surrounded with flowers and perfumes, amidst festal songs, on his birth-day.” Happy, I may add, in the spirit of the old Latin maxim, not more in the glory of his life than in the period of his death. I know not but that in the departure of him, on whom the nation’s thoughts have been fixed, the same might be repeated with equal force. I could entertain no anxious forebodings for my country, so far as character is concerned, under such direction. I would express no fears, which we might not feel for any human strength. But at the best, it might be happiest for himself, as we know it was wisest, that he was permitted to depart before promises could even be in danger of being broken, or trials feebly borne could detract from the lustre of his renown. Could we see all its issues, we might behold him departing in a chariot of light; dropping, too, like him of old, as he ascended, a mantle, rich in blessings, on those who should come after him and on the country of his fondest prayers. Could our hearts too but be opened to every sanctifying influence, how much larger service than his life might we see his death conferring! The solemn voice of God, whose protecting care was ever over our Fathers, and those whom he raised up for their defence, has spoken with awakening tones in the deaths, on the Jubilee day of the nation, of three of those who had been successively chosen to preside over this people. Still another, whom the people had honored, has suddenly closed his eyes almost at the very hour when he had assumed the robe.—

Is there no language of warning in these striking occurrences, no words of wisdom speaking from his death? Are there no monitions of the emptiness of human elevation? Of the common lot that awaits us all? Is there no encouragement to cultivate the spirit and life, which he, whom we mourn, has left us as his brightest legacy?

Yes, brethren, all these monitions are saving. All the memory of the man is good. His life was an honor to his country and humanity. He lived like a Christian patriot and he died like one,—the best good of his country at his heart in his last throbbings. The nation has become a mourner, for it had reposed confidence in his integrity, and its anticipations of him have been disappointed. A gloomy and sad reverse has passed like a sudden cloud in the stately mansion, and at the Halls of the Capitol, and among the family circle, where, but a month ago, he walked as chief, and shed, on all, the beams of his kindly countenance. I rejoice that above all this, bringing with it its disappointment and lonely bereavement, there remaineth a noble monument, that will endure forever. I rejoice in the memory of the man. Time will take not a gem from his crown of graces. It will grow brighter and brighter, age after age, the longer and the deeper it is pondered. I can think better of my country and my race,—of the one that she could put confidence in such worth,—of the other that such an example is recorded on its page. And I will believe, and bless God who permits me to do it, that one whom half a continent has honored and now mourns for, one of the Lord’s noblemen, a kind-hearted, true-hearted man, with all his soul for his Maker, and more than half for his race, having faithfully finished his services on earth, has gone hence with a measure of the spirit of Heaven,—has gone to sit on a higher throne within the bright circles of glory on high.

[From the Boston Notion.]

AUTUMN—AN ELEGY.

SIR—I offer for insertion in your interesting and valuable paper, the following beautiful Elegy, written by BENJAMIN L. OLIVER, Esq., known by the variety of his literary as well as legal writings. I accidentally met with it a day or two past, and thought it would prove a source of great pleasure to your numerous readers. I think it a misfortune that the writer will not devote himself more exclusively to compositions of this sort, as I think he could not fail to take a high stand among our literary writers.

Very respectfully, your ob't servant,

HARVARD.

The sun turns pale and shines with milder ray;
The sparkling frosts o'erspread the fallow ground;
The lively forest green fades fast away,
While zephyr strews the yellow leaves around.

The useful toils of harvest all are o'er;
The crops are gathered and securely stored;
The harvest-home is sung with jocund roar;
While smiling plenty crowns the festal board.

Yet nature now a mournful aspect wears;
Spring's lustre, Summer's softness, both are fled;
Stern winter from the north relentless glares,
And chides the stormy clouds that shroud his head:

Winter, that saddens every pleasing scene;
Whose icy hands with desolating chill,
Congeal each brook that ripples o'er the green,
And strip the foliage from each woodland hill.

Ah! where have fled the flowers that decked the vale,
The breeze of Spring and Summer's fragrant breath?
Nought now remains---and Autumn lingering, pale,
Shrinks at the lightning touch of cold and death.

Amid the air no hum of insects floats,
No feathered minstrel warbles forth his strains,
While listening shades repeat the cheerful notes;
But mournful silence thro' the forest reigns.

The purple woodbine breathing odours sweet,
No longer mantles o'er yon peaceful cell;
The residents of that endeared retreat,
Have fled to scenes where grace and beauty dwell.

The tribes of wondering birds desert the clime,
See! in the clouds they form their long array;
Their distant voice is heard in plaintive chime,
While hastening onward in the pathless way.

No longer o'er the wide extended glades,
Are seen the bounding fawn and spotted deer;
To lonely thickets, wild sequestered shades,
They glide away to wait the coming year.

Pale desolation all around extends;
The western gale sighs o'er the faded lawn,
The air is dark; the sky in drops descends,
As weeping for the year forever gone.

---Yet lingering on the plain, two forms are seen;
One, sad Regret with looks of anxious care;
The other clad in never fading green,
Sweet Hope, with beaming eyes, divinely fair.

And while along life's winding path they stray
Hope fondly tries her sister's heart to cheer;
But she reluctant turns her face away,
And fast descends reflection's bitter tear.

"Sad sister," Hope begins, "this mournful scene
Shall pass away, and Nature smile again;
This lawn again resume its cheerful green,
And singing birds enchant yon silent glen.

"These leafless trees, that fill the vale with gloom
And melt with grief, thy feeling, thoughtful soul,
With blossoms, trees and leaves, again shall bloom
When gentle Spring renews her mild control.

"Soft summer gales again shall fan the trees,
And waft fresh fragrance thro' the balmy air,
While sounds of joy shall float on every breeze,
And lull the troubled thoughts of pale despair.

"Along the mead, where yonder bubbling spring,
Meanders glittering from its mossy urn,
New flowers shall bloom, and larks and thrushes sing;
Then weep not thus, for Spring will soon return."

"Ah! sister," sad Regret desponding cries,
"'Tis not for joys like these, my sorrows swell;
'Tis not for these, that pensive mem'ry sighs;
No changing season can my grief dispel.

"I mourn not lovely scenes in early Spring;
I mourn no shady walks in Summer's heat;
I sigh not for the gales, that fragrance bring,
Nor long to hear the robin's note so sweet.

"But ah! remembrance brings a sad'ning tram---
The gentle forms of those I lov'd so well,
Alas! they roam in some remote domain,
Or laid at rest in Death's still mansions dwell.

"Can Spring restore that little band of friends,
With whom we rovd in childhood's opening morn;
Thro' woods, o'er glades, where'er this streamlet bends,
And where gay flowers its sloping banks adorn?

"The walk remains, where we were wont to rove,
The mossy spring, the calm sequestered dell,
The tangled brake, the glen, the shady grove,
The gently sloping hill and tranquil cell.

"The flowers shall bloom again, the stream still flows,
The birds shall seek the haunts they knew before,
But those few friends from whom each joy arose,
With looks affectionate—return no more."

She said, yet Hope still strives to give relief,
With voice as soft as music from the spheres,
She wipes her downcast eyes, to soothe her grief,
While from her own descend the pitying tears.

"Sister," she says, "see, thro' yon parting cloud
The glorious sky in purest azure shines,
While down the west, with bright effulgence proud
The radiant sun his golden ear declines.

"Beyond those mantling clouds—that radiant sun,
Beyond the stars that gem th' expanse of night,
A realm is plac'd by virtue only won,
Where Angels dwell enrob'd in dazzling light.

"There shall we live from every sorrow free,
From pain, from want, from savage war's alarm;
And strong in conscious immortality
No longer shrink with apprehended harm.

"There shall we meet again those virtuous friends,
Whose absence now so much affects your heart;
There live in happiness, that never ends,
And never from those bless'd abodes depart.

"There Spring unceasing decks the shining plains;
There music elevates, yet melts the soul,
There peace with love and joy perpetual reigns
While round the heav'n's the constellations roll.

"Weep not; our friends have only gone before,
In heav'n, with spotless souls in joy to reign;
Soon, too, shall we on wings of rapture soar,
And see them in yon happier world again."

LINE S

In memory of the Italian Patriots, murdered in their late fruitless attempts at liberty :—written in 1831.

W. GILMORE SIMMS.

[Author of "Yemassee," "Atalanta," &c.

[The Revolution of the Three Days in Paris, (1830) necessarily produced its effects, partial though they were, upon the surrounding countries to which liberty was a possession still denied. In Italy, an outbreak was the immediate consequence, the grand error of the leaders in which, was, that of looking to French interposition for succour. They had not learned the truth, that,

"In native swords and native ranks,
The only hope of Freedom dwells."

The rebellion was soon suppressed, but it involved many noble victims. Among these were two gentlemen who had taken a conspicuous part in the attempt.—Their names were Menotti and Borelli. The latter was a Barrister. The gallows was raised in the great square of Modena where they perished. They died with great firmness. Among the last words of Menotti were these :—"The cause of tyranny has no other support than that which is afforded by executioners and gibbets; the cause of freedom has on its side the force of opinion and the union of sentiments. The success of the latter does not depend upon the fate of individuals. I have done my duty and I descend into the grave free from remorse. I expected that France would have interfered; perhaps it is better that she did not. My death will teach the Italians to detest foreign intervention. They must place their sole confidence in the strength of their own arms." He was allowed to speak no more,—

"Libertas ultima mundi
Quo steterit ferienda loco;"

and the eloquence of truth, standing above the grave

and on the threshold, equally of martyrdom and time, is apt to have a fearful effect. These two brave men were among the first examples; but more than a thousand others, guilty of desiring freedom, or suspected of it, were incarcerated at the same time for trial or for doom. "The deep damnation of their taking off," rests quite as much upon France and the leaders in the popular revolution in that country,—as upon the mere executioners in this bloody transaction. They, no doubt, incited the victims to their premature rebellion, and left them to perish. France deserves this reproach, in the case of the Italian patriots, quite as much as in that of unhappy Poland and the Poles. But

"Tears of blood shall follow yet;"—

and if the sense of retributive justice is not ere long awakened, with the scent of the bloodhound, to wreak the full measure of its wrath alike upon the drones and vampires of Europe, it will be because vengeance has lost all sweetness, and liberty has forgotten the few devoted worshippers, who yet dare, in the very dens and strongholds of despotism, to keep alive the sacred, though hidden fires, upon those broken shrines and dismembered altar-places, where, at another and now almost forgotten period, she once held her exclusive and glorious abode.

Ay, to the rack, the scaffold and the chain,—
To all your cruel tortures, bear them on,
Ye foul and coward hangmen ;—but in vain !—
Ye cannot touch the glory they have won,—
And win—thus yielding up the martyr's breath,

For Freedom!—Theirs is a triumphant death!—
 A sacred pledge from Nature, that her womb
 Sull keeps some holy fires, that yet shall burst,
 Even from the reeking relics of their doom,
 As glorious,—ay, more glorious than the first!
 And in your cells of carnage,—in your streets,
 That reek with blood and stream with winding-sheets,
 In which, all vainly, have your felon hands,
 Striven to strangle infant Liberty,—
 A bloody retribution Heaven demands;—
 And the dread hour of vengeance shall we see,
 When, in his might, the Giant, now in chains,
 Wrapt in his thousand terrors, o'er ye stands,—
 And on the shrines—the hearthstones of the free,
 The slumbering of long ages,—snaps his bands,
 Avenging, in the black blood of the oppressor,
 His limbs' long thralldom, his free nature's stains!
 Shall such as ye be Liberty's confessor,
 And, at your feet, shall freemen,—taught to bow
 In long established schools of slavery,
 Yield up the richest gem in nature's bravery,—
 Her spirit,—God's own spirit!—while they vow
 Allegiance to your rank and monstrous knavery?
 Ye deadly charlatans, who school the heart
 To its perdition,—crushing Heaven's goodliest guise,
 Throned in man's form, and speaking in his spirit,
 With the fell chains of soul which ye devise;—
 In very recklessness of crime, deny
 To that pure essence, of Heaven's self, a part,
 Those high estates, God-chartered, in the sky,
 And that first boon—great birthright!—all inherit!

Ye slaughter,—do ye triumph? Ask your chains
 Ye Sodom-hearted butchers! Turn your eyes,
 Where reeks your bloody scaffold; and the pains,
 Ungroan'd, of a true martyr, as he dies,
 Attest the damned folly of your crime,
 Now at its carnival! His spirit flies,
 Unscathed by all your fires, through every clime,
 Into the world's wide bosom. Men arise,
 Prompt at its call, and principled to strike,
 The tyrant and the tyranny alike!—
 Voices, against ye, speak in all your deeds,
 And cry to Heaven, arm Earth, and kindle Hell!
 A thousand freemen, where one martyr bleeds,
 Spring from his place of death, and make his knell,
 The chorus of a Jubilee. Your streets,—
 Where freedom, robed in grandeur, in long hours,
 Held her proud sway, but now, where all she meets,
 Is chains, and a fierce fury that devours;—
 Upon the high walls of your palace towers,
 The spatter'd brains of the slain citizen,
 The fresh blood-sprinkled marble, and the cries
 Of spine-distorted, and limb-riven men,
 Bound on the revolving wheel, or in cold den,
 Dying of thirst and famine—have their tongue,
 Whose accents, elemental-wing'd, still fly,
 Crying for vengeance on the infernal wrong!
 And in the bloody drops, that, from their brows,

Your racks wring forth in life's last agonies;—
 The carnage of your foul and rotten house,
 Whose scarlet is a name for infamy,—
 Freedom has put a tongue, that still must cry,
 With bitter taunt unto each passer-by,—
 Point to the chains he wears,—the blood thus spilt,
 The guilt of looking quietly on guilt,
 Rolling in riot, while the good and brave
 Scaffold the gory homes they died to save!

The curse,—the swollen curse of the long ages
 Ye have dishonored:—Heaven's curse;—the curse of
 man—

The generations gone, and those whose pages
 Are yet unwritten, yield their sulphury ban,
 And blight ye into blisters! May ye live,
 Immortal, in that Hell of imprecation,
 The angry elements, invoked, must give,
 In their far-roused, ne'er-dying indignation!
 For ye are nature's by-word and her terror,
 Ye monster-spawned creations of her Error;
 Fashion'd in crime, with hearts and hopes as rotten,
 As the foul sins in which ye were begotten!—
 Ye souls that gender snakes, and do not perish,
 As ye are deadlier than the things ye cherish,
 Though venomous and loathsome. Be the doom,
 Of life, in torture, on ye May ye live,
 To seek, but never find, the sheltering tomb,—
 Beholding the fair elements expire,
 The earth that ye have sought to blast, survive,
 To light and watch, as ye have built, her pyre;—
 And not permitted, in that final fire,
 To purge ye of your poison,—but to stand,
 Man's night—ye were his night-shade—with a brand
 That puts ye on the verge of your own crime,
 Beacons betwixt eternity and time!

We mourn not for the patriots! They have perished
 As the good perish, for a deathless faith!
 Their memories, with their cause, must still be cher-
 ish'd

Beyond the dread of overthrow or seath.
 Their blood hath grown a principle, to guide,
 Onward—still onward—in continuous flow,
 Restless, resistless, as the Mexique tide,
 The spirit Heaven yields. Freedom here below!
 How should we mourn them who as stars now shine,
 And light the groping nations! 'Twere as wise,
 To weep that other patriot of our line,—
 The rock-and-vulture-tortured Titan sire,*
 Whose crime, and its stern penalty alike,
 Were his proud spirit's glory. It denies
 All homage but in triumph—all triumph, save
 That single one, which,—standing o'er the grave,
 And on the scaffold,—to the nations cries,
 Even in its latest agonies,—to STRIKE!

* Prometheus.

THE COST OF A REPUTATION—A PARABLE.

[From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine for April.]

'No, no, the postchaise is at the door;—it is too late,' cried I to my mother and sisters,—I will not say how many years ago,—when about to set out for Sedan, bearing urgent letters of recommendation to the Duc de C., who was enjoying his ministerial holidays at a country-seat in that neighborhood. 'You cannot surely have expected, my dear mother, that, at twenty years of age, I should sit down tamely contented with—'

'Twenty thousand livres per annum,—a cheerful happy home, with the best hunting, shooting, fishing, and prettiest sisters in the provinces,' interrupted the youngest of the girls. 'Bernard! Bernard!—think twice before you sacrifice the happiness of such a destiny to idle dreams of vain ambition.'

'Think of your poor cousin Henrietta, who loves you so dearly,' remonstrated another of my sisters.

'Think of the example shown you by the best of fathers,' added my mother in a graver voice.

'My dear mother,—my dear girls,' cried I, respectfully kissing the hand of the former, as I prepared to take my leave,—'You should have spoken thus earnestly two months ago, before I addressed my first letter of solicitation to the Duc de C. Great men and great ministers are not to be trifled with. My visit has been announced, and I must go. Some day or other you will rejoice that I had courage to tear myself from among you, and create for the honor of the family a reputation destined to ennoble the obscure patronymic of my fathers. In youth we owe ourselves to the world, in order that, in later years, the world may repay the loan with its esteem. The public distinctions, essential to my happiness, once achieved, I will return straight to the chateau, marry my cousin Henrietta, and remain happy and contented among you for the remainder of my days.'

'But why not be happy and contented now?' still pleaded the three girls.

'In inglorious obscurity?—never! You will be twice as proud of me, my dear little girls when, four years hence, I return with epaulettes on my shoulders,—a gay colonel from Versailles!'

'But if you should be killed in battle in the interim, my good brother?' pleaded my little favorite Ann.

I muttered something about 'glory,'—'renown,'—'fame,'—the usual claptraps of the occasion—kissed them hastily all round; and, to avoid further importunity, jumped into the carriage.—There was no arguing with their shrewd good sense and strong affection.

A day or two afterwards I was at Sedan, a garrison town, where I was not sorry to obtain some insight into the pleasures and habits of a military life, previous to taking the first step in my career. Already I foresaw a tremendous

crown of laurels impending over my head. The exigencies of war were just then direfully active. In half a dozen years I might be a general officer,—in a dozen more, perhaps a field marshal! So, at least, I assured myself, every time my servant touched his hat, addressing me by the ignominious title of 'Monsieur de Chevalier.'—Even Henrietta almost ceased to occupy a place in my memory, so warmly were my hopes engrossed by my brilliant prospects.

The fortifications of Sedan, the roll of its drums, the martial air of its very citizens, who cock their hats in the street, as much as to say to strangers visiting the town, 'We are the countrymen of Turenne!'—did not tend to rekindle my military ardour. I hated to find myself nothing in the eyes of the garrison. 'Some day or other,' said I to myself, 'these people shall become familiar with my name.' To be famous was the height of my ambition.

I supposed that night with the mess of a regiment of cuirassiers quartered at Sedan, with one of the young officers of which I had a familiar connexion. Among young fellows of one age it soon transpired that I was on my road to the chateau of the Duc de C.; that I was forthwith to accompany him to Versailles, where he was to present me to the king, and take care of my promotion; and so unanimous were my companions in congratulating me upon my great good fortune, and predicting that, in a few years, I should be at the head of a regiment, that I felt prouder than ever of having found courage to extricate myself from the peaceful ignominy of a country life, and the arms of my pretty cousin Henrietta.

I ventured to inquire the road to the residence of the Duc de C., for which I was to set out early in the morning.

'Any one will show you the way,' cried one of the officers,—'It is the famous chateau where Field-marshal Fabert breathed his last; and one of the finest places in the neighborhood.'

'Fine as it is, however,' added another, 'I know plenty of provincials hereabouts who would not set foot in it to command the interest at Court of the Duc de C!'

'Or even the good fortune of Marshal Fabert!' added another. Then finding me insufficiently versed in the feats and triumphs of the said marshal, they proceeded to relate the eventful history of one, who, from a printer's boy, had risen to the highest military rank in Europe;—eventually refusing, from the hands of Louis XIV., letters-patent of nobility, and the insignia of the order of the Holy Ghost.

'In Fabert's life-time,' observed one of the officers, 'his rapid rise and unexampled successes, gave grounds to a popular belief, that he was indebted to magic for his unvarying good fortune.'

'Nay, to this day,' added another, 'the peasants expressly point out the tower in which the general held his colloquies with the Evil One.'

'Colloquies?' retorted a third; 'did you never hear the story of the general's death-bed? The demon to whom he had pledged his soul is said to have made his appearance at the chateau during the last moments of Fabert, disappearing at the very instant of his decease.'

'Carrying off, of course, in his Satanic pouch,' added his comrade, with a hearty laugh, 'the forfeited soul of the brave soldier who had outlived so many battles!'

'Laugh, and welcome, my dear fellow,' remonstrated one of the younger officers; 'but I can tell you that scarcely a farmer in the district of Sedan but firmly believes that every month of May, about the anniversary of Fabert's decease, the general's black man, (as they familiarly denominate his Satanic Majesty), reappears at the chateau!'

'I congratulate you, my dear sir,' rejoined the more sceptical of the set. 'If you remain long enough the inmate of the Duc de C., you may hope to enjoy the excitement of an adventure.'

A thousand idle jests resulted from this sportive hint; but though I joined heartily in the merriment of the mess-table, I confess it was not without a certain uneasy sensation that, through the misty rain of a spring morning, I descried the turrets of the chateau of the Duc de C. the following day. I tried to make myself believe that awe at approaching the presence of a man so honored with the friendship of His Majesty, was the sole cause of my nervous tremour. But in spite of my better reason, the idea of Marshal Fabert's Black Man was not without its influence. The chateau was surrounded with vast forests, while a cheerless looking lake extended its dingy mirror in the foreground. Nothing inviting in its aspect! My mind was, however, too full of castles in the air, to admit of dwelling long upon the ominous features of the place.

On presenting myself at the gates of the old Gothic manor-house, I was courteously welcomed; but the groom of the chambers informed me, it might be some hours before I received an audience of the Duke, who had slept the preceding night at a neighboring country-seat.—Refreshments were offered me; and I was installed in a sort of old armoury on the ground floor, on the walls of which a few curious military trophies were interspersed with boars' heads, stags' heads, and all the modern attributes of the chase. There were also certain old family portraits, which, at the close of a couple of hours, I began to think remarkably disagreeable companions.

Scarcely had I come to this conclusion, when a pannel of the wainscot slid gently aside, and a human head suddenly intruded into the room; of which, independent of its singular mode of apparition, the aspect was sufficiently appalling,—the features being wasted, the complexion cadaverous, and the coal-black hair wild and shaggy. Still there was something so strikingly intellectual in the face, that it was impossible not to feel interested, rather than terrified.

'What are you doing here?' inquired a deep, but tremulous voice, issuing from the almost livid lips of the intruder.

'Waiting for the Duc de C.,' replied I, with as much self-possession as I could manage to assume.

'And do you fancy that you are the only person waiting for him?' rejoined the stranger.—'But the hour will come!—his, and thine, and mine! The fatal hour will come. Behold! the watcher watcheth for evermore! The forests of the earth are green, and the skies of heaven are blue; but there is a worm that never dies, and a fire that is never quenched. The fatal hour is at hand! This very night, and I shall have ceased to exist!'

God forgive me!—but there was something in this announcement not altogether disagreeable. I was far from sorry to hear my singular visitor avow himself to be a mere mortal, subject to the penalty of vulgar clay. And as he had now passed the threshold, and entered the armoury, I perceived that, though wild in aspect, he was, after all, a well-dressed young man, about thirty years of age, apparently laboring under the consequences of severe indisposition or severe affliction.

'If you are waiting for the Duc de C., come into my room, where you will be better accommodated than here,' said he, probably discerning in my countenance tokens of sympathy in his condition; and I accordingly followed him through the secret door, which he closed carefully after us, into a small secluded suite of which he did the honors with the ease and politeness of a man of the world. Having taken a seat by my side, and struggled for some minutes with his emotions, as if striving to recover strength and coherency for further explanations, he thanked me for my frank confidence in his good intentions.

'You are entitled,' said he, 'to a full explanation of the strange circumstances under which we have met. Grant me your patience a while. By the time I have related my dreadful history, the Duke will probably be at liberty to receive you.'

'I was born, sir, an inmate of this chateau—the youngest of three brothers; to the eldest of whom were apportioned the wealth and honors of the House of C. Nothing remained for me but the wretched insignificance of churchmanship. I was destined to become an Abbe, dependent for preferment upon ministerial patronage. But with the blood and name of my heroic ancestors, I inherited their lofty ambition! Glory was my idol. Earnest purposes of shining in the world already fermented in my bosom, I was resolved to make myself heard of, or to be heard of no more. So absorbed was my soul by this overpowering yearning after distinction, that the pleasures of life became indifferent. I lived only in the future. The present was comparatively of small account.'

'Yet such was the clash and brilliancy of contemporaneous celebrities,—such an influx of literary and military glory diffused its radiance on every side,—that I attained my thirtieth year

without accomplishing my end. I was still the obscure denizen of our family estates,—totally eclipsed by the poets, statesmen, and warriors of the day. I was in despair. At certain moments of profound despondency, suicide presented itself as my sole refuge from my bitter consciousness of insignificance. The purport of my life seemed frustrated. To what end an existence so obscure, so colourless as mine?

'I was alone in my family.—My elder brothers were already distinguished in the world. My only confidant at home was an old negro, attached from time immemorial to the house of C. I say from time immemorial, advisedly; for so little was recollected of his first connexion with the family, that many people pretended he had been originally seen in this chateau at the moment of the decease of Field-marshal Fabert.'

I could not altogether repress a start of surprise at this announcement. My companion inquired what was the matter; but it was not for me to refer to the singular intelligence I had received the preceding evening from my friends the cuirassiers.

'One day,' resumed he, 'when more than usually overpowered by the dispiriting sense of my own nothingness, I exclaimed aloud, 'I would sacrifice ten years of my life to accomplish a first rate literary reputation!'

'Ten years is a large amount to pay for such a trifle!' observed Iago, who happened to be in attendance upon me,—smiling as he spoke, till his two glaring rows of white teeth became frightfully apparent.

'Large,—but not more than it is worth,' I persisted. 'I say again, that I would thankfully give ten years to become a popular author.'

'Done!' replied the negro, with his wonted sang froid—(for he was the coolest fellow I ever beheld.) 'I accept your ten years. In return, know that your wish is already half accomplished.'

'You may conjecture my astonishment at hearing him propose this singular engagement. But conceive my surprise when, a few days afterwards, I learned by the post, that a work of mine transmitted to Paris the preceding year for publication, had actually been crowned by the Academy! My pledge was scarcely given, and I was already a person of note!

'I flew to the capital,—and was received on all sides with open arms. The most distinguished men of the day were proud to make my acquaintance. Their praises, their examples, their counsels, encouraged my enthusiasm, as well as perfected my taste. Every successive work that emanated from my pen, was pronounced to be a *chef d'œuvre*. I had assumed a supposititious name, in order to distinguish myself from my brothers; and scarcely a newspaper in which it was not twenty times repeated! My works were translated into every European language. My books were in every hand. It was only yesterday, sir, that you yourself—but no matter.'

My feelings were, by this time, painfully excited. Into whose presence had I thus singularly intruded? Who was this mysterious stranger?

Was it Diderot?—Marmontel?—D'Alembert?—Voltaire? I began to regard my companion with a degree of respect, exceeding even my previous compassion.

'To a spirit so ardently constituted as mine,' resumed he, after a heavy sigh, 'even this excess of literary honor soon became insufficient for happiness. I said to myself after all,—what is there either manly, what is there ennobling in all this waste of pens and ink! The occupations of the demigods, ere earth was peopled with mere mortals, was conquest. Military renown is the only glory worth achieving. To be a great general, to become the leader of an army, were well worth the sacrifice of ten years of one's existence.'

'You continue to bid high,' cried Iago, who was still in my service. 'But once more I accept your terms. Ten years and you shall become a hero!'

My countenance, I conclude, now began to evince tokens of incredulity; for the stranger suddenly exclaimed, 'You do not believe me?—Would that I too could be incredulous! For I swear to you by all that is holiest in the universe, from the moment when, on the faith of this mysterious compact, I entered the army, I had only to plan expeditions, to have them crowned with success beyond my most sanguine expectations. History is at hand to confirm my asseverations. My name was again an assumed one; but there was no illusion in the provinces it was my fate to attach to the sovereignty of France;—in the fortresses which ceded to my besiegement,—in the redoubts which I carried,—in the banners which I brought back to the feet of my king.—These, at least, were real; and these still survive to attest all I have been!'

The stranger was now pacing the room with impetuous footsteps; and as I contemplated his movements, I could not forbear exclaiming to myself. 'Who on earth have I before me? Is it Coigny?—is it Richelieu?—or can it be Marshal Saxe in propria persona?'

After striding backwards and forwards in silence for some moments, he suddenly threw himself anew into the seat by my side.

'Iago assured me, during the intoxication of my military triumphs,' he resumed, 'that I should soon become disgusted with the fickle breath of popular applause. 'Sooner or later,' pleaded the negro, 'you will begin to understand that nothing is really important that has not a real value. The positive,—the tangible, is the one thing needful.' And he was so far justified in his prognostications, that I actually made him a tender of five additional years, on condition of obtaining the command over enormous riches.'

'And he fulfilled his part of the compact!' cried I, with a scarcely repressed smile of incredulity.

'With gold,—jewels,—houses,—lands,—all,—all that passes with mankind under the name of wealth, did he endow me,' cried my companion, clasping his hands with frantic emotion.—'Nay, when I rose this very morning, all these were still my own. I was rich,—I was great,—I was powerful! I said now to my soul, take

thine ease! I was happy,—I had no fears—no anxieties. If you doubt my word, inquire of Iago. Iago will be here presently, and confirm all I have here related.’

I shuddered at these wild assertions, for there was something terribly real in the air of horror with which he rushed to a time-piece on the chimney-piece, and anxiously ascertained the hour.

‘This morning, when I opened my eyes,’ he resumed, addressing me in a portentous whisper, ‘I found myself so weak and dispirited, that I hastily summoned my *valet de chambre* to my assistance. Merciful Powers!—It was Iago who appeared in his place! My soul sunk within me as he accosted me.

‘Yet his appearance, you say, was ever the precursor of triumph and good fortune,’ said I, desirous to tranquilize the agitation of the invalid.

‘I asked him the cause of my sudden illness,’ continued he, ‘—I told him that only last night I retired to rest in perfect health!’

‘It is not sickness,—it is death!’ replied the negro, with his usual frightful grin, ‘Surely you are prepared?’

‘For death?’—at my age?’ cried I, gasping for breath.

‘It is not my fault if you have been too much absorbed in your personal vanities to take heed of the lapse of time,’ replied the negro, with a bitter sneer. ‘Providence accorded you, as the term of your natural life, exactly threescore years.—You were thirty when we first entered into our engagements.’

‘Iago,’ cried I, anticipating the horrible announcement that was to follow.

‘And during the five ensuing years,’ he continued, with his usual facetious insolence, ‘you expended in speculations an extra allowance of five and twenty. You have consequently lived out your sixty years. You will find me tolerably correct in my arithmetic; for know, that every moment subtracted from *your* life, is added to my own; and I, at least, recognise the value of human existence!’

‘Such, then, was the motive of your pretended zeal!’ cried I with indignation.

‘Greater men than yourself have shown themselves more grateful,’ coolly rejoined the negro: ‘Fabert, for instance, who was one of my proteges, paid me a somewhat higher price for his reputation.’

‘Iniquitous monster!’ cried I, ‘You have deceived me,—defrauded me.’

‘Nay, nay,—you have only cheated yourself!’ replied Iago. ‘Count upon your fingers, and you will find me exact in my balance. Thirty-five years of real existence, and twenty-five expended in procuring the means of distinction;—total of the whole, sixty! Admit that you have lived your day. Prepare for immediate dissolution.’

‘He was about to leave the room, when I rushed towards him, and clung to his garments.

‘Only one more day!’ cried I; ‘only, only one!’

‘Not half a one,’ he coolly replied. ‘Reflect, that I am the loser of every minute’s grace you obtain! Your time is over.’

‘An hour—a single hour!’ I persisted—feeling the powers of life weakening and weakening as I spoke.

‘Hark ye!’ cried the negro, pretending to be softened by my earnestness.—‘You have hitherto negotiated with me like a gentleman; and liberal treatment is due to you in return. What will you give for two hours of the life you now appear to value so highly?’

‘Anything—everything!’ I exclaimed; for already I felt my blood stagnating in my veins, and the dews of death rising on my forehead.—‘Willingly will I sacrifice all the fame I have achieved. Take my gold—my lands. Life—life!—I only ask for the breath of life!’

‘You only ask for that of which you have been so prodigal!’ cried the negro, with a horrible chuckle. ‘But see how tender-hearted I am growing. I accept your offer. Live till evening.—But remember you have nothing further here or hereafter to offer as a bribe. At sunset, therefore, be prepared for the worst?’

‘So saying, he left me!’ continued the stranger, wildly. ‘He left me—and when we meet again, I must resign myself to death—must cease to enjoy the breath of spring—the harmonies of nature—the joys of life and love! Behold!’ he continued, dragging me to the window, and pointing to a group of ragged peasants traversing the parks—‘to-morrow, yonder people will be inhaling the pure breezes—will be sunned under the glowing orb of Heaven—*while, for me, all will be at an end!* And to have sacrificed five and twenty years of such blessing—for the vain acquirement of an uncertain renown; to be praised by those I know not, those whom I care not to know! Oh! what a price have I paid for that which is in itself valueless! What prodigality!—what waste! But why lose the few moments allotted me in idle murmurs! Let me rather enjoy, for the last time, the glorious spectacle of triumphant nature!’

So saying, he threw open the windows opening towards the park, and rushing forth, took his way towards the plantations. While watching his precipitate departure, I found myself touched upon the shoulder; and, on turning round, found a grave middle-aged man, wearing the insignia of the St. Esprit, standing beside me. I had no difficulty in recognising the Duc de C.

‘I have a thousand apologies to offer you, Monsieur le Chevalier,’ said he, ‘for the inadvertence of my servants in leaving you exposed to an interview with my unfortunate brother; whose mental infirmities are the cause of his seclusion in this retired chateau, and of my annual visit to the place. It was to consult a physician, celebrated for his skilful treatment of lunatics, who is on a visit in the neighborhood, that I last night absented myself from home. I have now, however, the satisfaction of bidding you welcome; and to-morrow we will take our departure for Versailles. All that my friendship or recommendations can ensure, towards forwarding your advancement in life, depend upon!—The enthusiastic ambition of military distinction expressed in the letters I have had the pleasure of receiving from you, excites my earnest inter-

est in your behalf. To such views the times are highly favorable. Rapid advancement awaits you. In the course of ten years, or so—'

'Ten years, Monsieur le Duc?' was my involuntary ejaculation: 'ten years subtracted from the sum total of life! Pardon me!—Within these walls I have received a lesson more valuable than even the patronage you thus generously promise. To-morrow, instead of proceeding to Versailles, I retrace my steps homewards! Accept my grateful thanks—my humble apologies. Fame has lost its charm in my estimation; since I have learned to recognise the value of human life, and the costs of ambition!'

'This is my brother's doing!' cried the Duke, but more in sorrow than in anger. 'The singular delusions of his monomania have already more than once sufficed to deter young aspirants of my acquaintance from embracing a public career. But is it possible that you will allow the hallucinations of a lunatic to influence you in a step so momentous?'

'Wisdom is a thing of too precious a quality, Monsieur le Duc,' replied I, 'to admit of our being over-fastidious in examining its origin.—All we have to do is, to accept such lessons, and be thankful.'

The Duc de C. was perhaps not sorry to be thus easily rid of one of the numerous candidates for his interest at court: for, after a night's hospitality, he suffered me to return home without further remonstrance.

Happy journey—auspicious return! I felt that I could not travel too rapidly; for I was returning to the bosom of my family—the arms of Henrietta.

The following May, I had nothing to dread from the apparition of the black man. Already I was a contented country gentleman; a happy husband and father! The price of fame had inspired me with a due appreciation of the value of human life.

[Written for the Boston Notion.]

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL—A BALLAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Of Edenhall, the youthful Lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;
He rises at the banquet board,
And cries 'mid the drunken revellers all,
"Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

The bu'tler hears the words with pain,
The house's oldest Seneschal,
Takes slow from its silken cloth again
The drinking glass of crystal tall,
They call it *The Luck of Edenhall*.

Then said the Lord; "This glass to praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal!
The gray-beard with trembling hand obeys;
A purple light shines over all,
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it light,
"This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite;
She wrote in it; *If this glass doth fall*
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!

"'Twas right a goblet the Fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall!
We drink deep draughts right willingly;
And willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild;—

Then mutters at last like the thunder's fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper takes a race of might,
The fragile goblet of crystal tall;
It has lasted longer than is right;
Kling! klang!—with a harder blow than all
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!"

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;
And through the rift, the flames upstart;
The guests in dust are scattered all
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe, with fire and sword;
He in the night had scaled the wall,
Slain by the sword lies the youthful Lord,
But holds in his hand the crystal tall
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
The gray-beard in the desert hall,
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall.
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall!

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall aside,
Down must the stately columns fall
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball
One day like the Luck of Edenhall!"